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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

WE devote the bulk of our space this week to illustrations of the momentous Convention now in session at Charleston, and upon the fruit of whose labors the destiny of the Union may depend. We give below a picture of the Delegates leaving the Charleston Hotel on the morning of 23d; on page 260, a picture of the gathering in the area of the Convention Hall; and on pages 264 and 265, a fine engraving of the Convention in session on 23d April. These pictures explain themselves, and need no verbal description.

ON THE WAY TO CHARLESTON.

No. IV.

Tew Major Jack Downing, Downingsville, Downing County, Maine; in care of Mr. Harper, who'll send it in print.

CHARLESTON HARBOR, *April* 16, 1860.

HERE I be at last, Uncle Jack, large as life and twice as nattural, with the schunur ankurd rite off agin the city, and the stars and stripes a flyin' from the gaff. Hoorah! ses I, fur the man that wins; and if yeou goes in fur him, Uncle Jack, yeou'll be Postmaster jist so long as yeou pleas.

Furst and fourmost, tho', let me tell yeou how I went tew Old Virginny tew help unkivver the marble imurtashun of Henry Clay. I told yeou how Mr. Buchanan had me fixed up, and away I went with them air Natshunol Rifles, feelin' jist as good as eny on 'em. We went down tew Richmond in grate stile, and I told the fellurs heow we went tew Madawaska tew fite the Brittishurs; and a French fellur, who wos a picurnear with a big and dull axe, told 'em heow he wos a Nashurnal Gard under a Mister Louis Phillips, and sung about "infants of Pat Rie," who was a continnerly a "marchin' on," which he called a Marsells Hymn, but which ben't in the regular 'dishun of Watts & Hopkins. All this tyme we was a goin' it inter Virginny, I tell yeou, and a keepin' the konducter awake by shoin' our tickets.

At last ses he, "Richmond!" and thair we wos, and thair was a cumpenny all reddy to receave us, and didn't they give three chears for Corporol Downing, I tell yeou! Then they 'scorted us tew our hotel, a reg'lur dubble-barril affair on tew sides ov a street, with a bridge atween the tew sides up stares and know toll tew pay.

Furst we all tuk a julup. An' I kept it up, a puttin' them air julups deown jist so long as I stay'd thair; an' I tell yeou, no wun noes what sweetun'd lickur is till they drinks julups. If I'd a dyed, and bin sent tew Downinville, and berry'd in the gardin, they'd a bin a mint patch thair furever. Mint's a Virginny institushun.

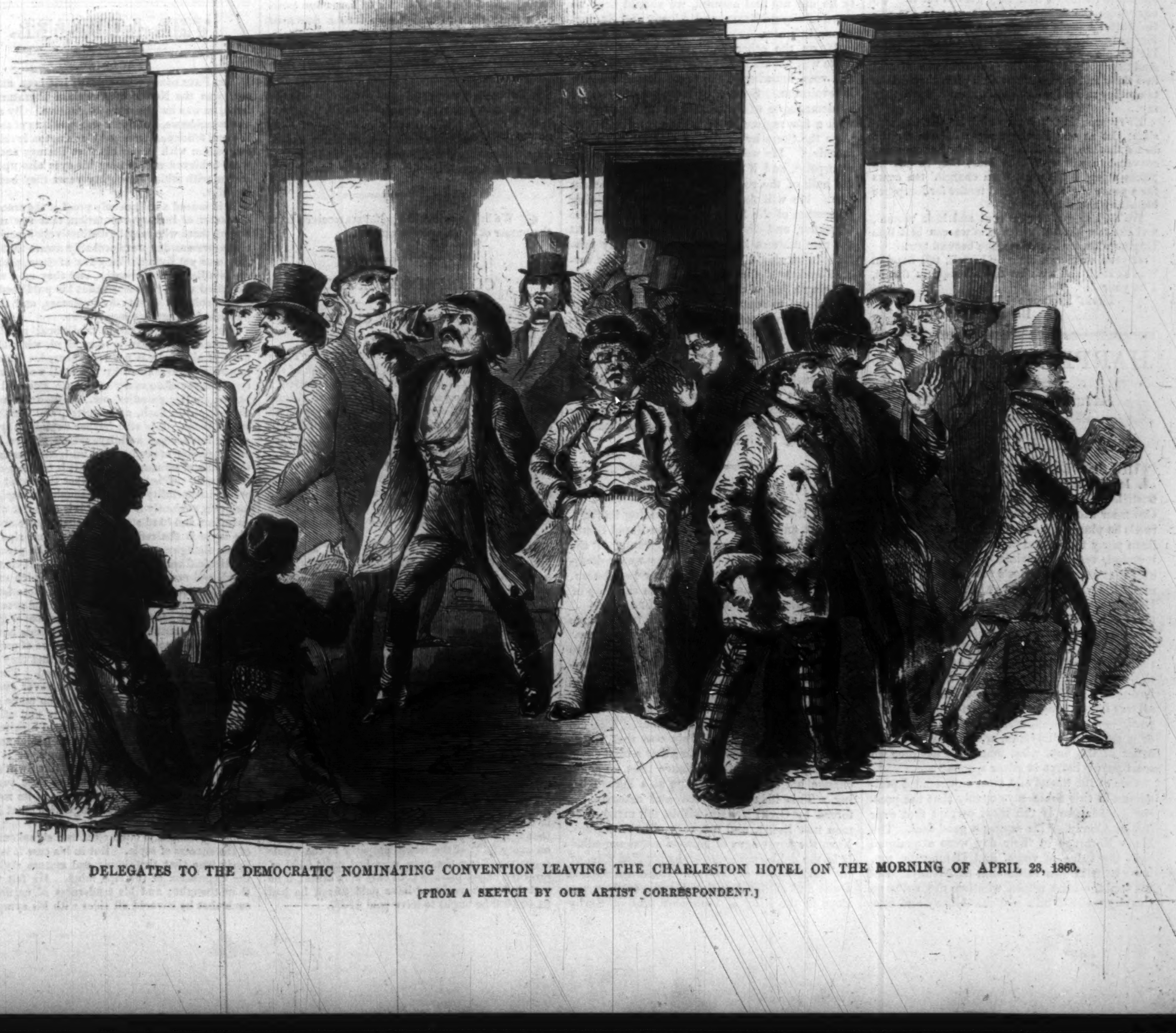
The next day thair was the paraid. Cavalry a prancin' abouet like fun on all sized hosses, and infantry a marchin' arter, and carriges with invited gests, ov which I wos wun. I sot along side ov "Tyler tew," who's a rampashus Dimmercrat now, and has a big noes, and axed me tew his farm. The Chefe Marshall was a Mr. Dimmick, frum Cape Cod, an' a pesky spri little chap he is, bein' genurally tew the hed of the Republic Gard—a set ov fellurs who watch the pennertensherry and keep things sort ov strate.

Thair wos an uncommun lot ov folks tew see the immertashun unkiver'd, and it bete Forth ov July, specially fur ladies in whoops. I tell yeou tu tell Sarah Hale that air set on 'em maid eout ov grapevines I got for her ain't a circumstance. Wa'al, finolly, they all got fixed, and then they prey'd, and a fellur told us all abeout Mr. Clay, and then they tuk the sheet of, an' thar he stud. It deon't amount tew much, arter awl, and wun't kumpair with Crawford's Washington—a mitey fine peace of brass casting, I tell yeou.

Arter the norgurashun thair wos a dinner, tew wich yeour old frend Mister Brooks maid a phlamin' speech, as did uthers. I, bein' called upon, and totully unprepair'd, drew eout my old Forth o' July oration, oltur'd ovur, and spoke it right eout, lickurty-cut. Mister Botts wasn't missed a bit.

The next day the sogers went away, and I sort o' sounded reound, and I writ to Mister Buchanan: "Play Hunter agin Wise, jist as yeou dew the New Yorkers, but go in fur Breckinridge." Neow yeou see if he deon't dew jist so.

Then I went deown tew a plaice they calls Rochetts, whair I feound the old pink-starn schunur a



DELEGATES TO THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION LEAVING THE CHARLESTON HOTEL ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 23, 1860.

[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

waitin' fur me, and we got aborde. Every wun is neou a goin' where we wos a goin', and 'commerdashuns seem to be kind o' scairs. Enny how, lots an' cords ov fellers are dyin' tew go, but can't raze the wind.

The coste ov North Karryliny is terrible flat and missurabul, and they air ketchin' a powerful grist ov shad all along jist neow, wich the darkies fetch of tew the schunur, and traded rite pert. Tork abeout the way these hear fellurs be treated; why, tha ben't no wun in Downingville, witheout it's the hogs, that dus so little, etes so much, and doesn't dew nuthin' except sleep harf the time. "Unhappy descendunts ov Ham," the perpetuol sicreterry of the "Downing Fillanthropic Sociashun for byin' brich-loaded rifles for Regenuratin' Kansas" calls 'em. But I calls 'em "Happy packers away ov Bacon," and eggs, and the best corn bred ever yeou tasted.

Wa'al, arter cruisin' along we got hear, and as we went buy old Fort Moultry, whar Gin'ral Jacksun had his sogers in nullyficashun tymes, I run up the flannel gridirun, and fired the old swivel, "bang." I kind o' guess it sort o' stir'd up the Armory and Knavery fellers thair; an' if they'd a knoan whu I wos, the'd a reciprekated the salute. As it wos, it was like Israel Andrews's reciprosity treety, all wun-sided.

This here Charlestun's a sort o' low place, and most on it looks orful old and stashunary. The folks look as tho' they'd oll bin tew a ball the nite afore, and most tirud eout, and didn't keer abeout duin' much.

The furst place I went tew was the *Kuryur* offis, before wich is a Palmetter tree, which is the arms of South Karryliner, and terribul prickly arms 'tis tew. Then they tuk me tew see a grate boar, they sed, and ses I, "I'm a judge of Suffolks and Chesturs;" but 'twan't no hog, but a hoal right deoun evver so menny thousand feat, up wich the water comes a spoutin'. They calls it sum hard name, and it's hard drinkin', I tell yeou, but good for dispepsee.

Talk about Funnell Hall Market tew Bosting. Why, it ain't a cirkunstans tew the long markets hear, whair ther's all sorts ov green garden sars a'ready, and the biggest lot ov fat darkies ever yeou seed in yeour born days, and whoppin' grate turkey-buzzurds a storkin' reound pickin' up offol. Tew shute won ov these burds is tew be fined ten dollurs and whipped if yu're a cullur'd pussun, for wich they haves tew pay the feller that laies it on half a dollur more, wich is hard.

It's a queer place, I tell yeou, and they taikes it easy, but is grate on firin' up, and settles their trubbles acordin' tew a Kode, by wich they goes in and blazes aweigh tew each other, jist as the Kongress men orter, but they deon't.

Pollytics is hear jist as 'tis in Maine, only t'uther way. Ther's folks wot's got offis, and draws pay from Uncle Sam, and thair's folks wot deon't. Up our weigh the folks wot deon't go agin the insturtushun—deown hear they goes in fur it. Up our weigh the folks wot deon't goes in fur gittin' cullur'd peple aweigh from deown South tew Kannady—deown hear they goes in fur gittin' cullur'd peple aweigh from Africy to bring 'em hear. And they pollytishunurs keep up the same all-fired fuss thair and here, but tew each plais they drinks tewgether soshably, and deon't mene a wurd they say.

Ev'ry wun hear's a preparin' for the Convenshun, jist as our Portland peple lade in for the *Grate Easturn*, that didn't cum. And as no other convenshun will ever cum hear, they've put up prices steep, I tell yew, even chargin' ten cents fur a peace of pie, that's legal tender for fourpence happenny the wurld over.

Wa'al, I've got tew go eout and look 'reound, and rite tew Mr. Buchanan who we can best bete Duglus with, for bete him we're beound tew.

If yeou see Sarah Hale by herself, tell her I'm true as steal, and with luv tew all inquirin' frends, I be your

Luvin' Nephew till Deth,

BENJAMIN DOWNING, 3d.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

THE State Legislature has adjourned at last, leaving a flavor of rottenness in the public nostril. The session opened with a Message of Governor Morgan recommending that the railroads be plundered in order to spare the Republican party the odium of increasing the taxes; it ended, very appropriately, with the passage, over that same Governor's veto, of the city railroad bills which grant away to Tom, Dick, and Harry—the best friends of the legislators—the most valuable franchises in the city of New York. It began in plunder, it ended in rot. At too late an hour Edwin D. Morgan bethought himself of the beauty of honesty and the vileness of corruption; but the lesson he had taught the Legislature in his Message—that all was fair in politics so long as it helped "the party"—was too well remembered. In the words of a smart assemblyman, where stealing is the order of the day, what matters it whether we steal penny loaves or silver spoons?

One of the wisest and most experienced politicians in this State says openly that the present Legislature is the most corrupt that ever met at Albany. 'Tis saying a good deal. The Know Nothings in their day were acquainted with the value of votes, and Democrats, too, have been known to do well at Albany. But we doubt, on the whole, whether the votes on the city railroad bills and the Albany and Susquehanna have ever been paralleled. To grant, without price and without restriction, to a party of unknown men, franchises for which responsible citizens had vainly offered millions; to make over to George Law and his friends, in perpetual property, the best streets of this city; and this at a time when municipal taxation is increasing at the rate of a million a year, is certainly a climax of audacity which thus far has never been surpassed or even equaled.

The question arises, where will this lead? Some people take the ground that the unparalleled corruptions of the present Legislature are peculiar to the Republicans. Unquestionably there is some truth in this, for the majority in both Houses is Republican. But some of the most corrupt men in both Houses are Democrats. One member, who was elected by a county expressly to defeat the fraudulent demands of a pretended creditor of his constituents, was bought up by that creditor at the commencement of the session, and has steadily worked against his county; he calls himself a Democrat. The same remark may be made of others. In a word, though in this State the Republicans have been, as a rule, more dishonest in State affairs than their opponents, careful inquiry discloses the fact that party distinctions fail to account for the general rottenness and profligacy which reign at Albany.

The inference is painful and humiliating—it is, that our public men of both parties are so degraded that they can not safely be intrusted with the administration of public affairs.

There are two remedies—and only two—for the evil; one is a more conscientious discharge by all citizens of the duty of voting; the other is armed revolution. If every citizen in the State took the pains to vote, and to ascertain something of the character of the man he voted for, the bulk of the representatives elected would be men of character. There is no community in the State so poor that it can not spare one good man to go to Albany for three months. Rogues obtain seats in the Legislature through the supineness of the public. People say that their vote will not be missed, and neglect going to the polls; or if they go there, they are content to vote their party ticket without inquiring into the character of the men whose names it bears. The first plan leaves the field open to rogues; the second is scarcely less fatal, for every one knows what the nominees of primary conventions are likely to be. If every taxpayer and honest man were to make a sacred duty of going to the polls, and of voting—regardless of party—for no man of whose honesty he did not feel assured, we should hear no more of city gridirons, and Albany and Susquehanna infamies.

If, on the other hand, the people of this State will not take the trouble to go to the polls and vote, knowingly, the remaining alternative is revolution. Some day some popular leader or demagogue will establish an understanding with a few regiments of militia, and will surprise the State by declaring martial law some morning. He will easily obtain funds for the enterprise, and if he has pluck and character, the bulk of the respectable classes will sustain him. He will find no difficulty in obtaining possession of the State arsenals, in seizing the Governor, and dissolving the Legislature. At the rate matters have progressed latterly public opinion would justify him in trying the several leaders of the latter by court-martial, and hanging a few of them. A like fate might be meted out to some of the great agents of corruption in the State, and to the Common Council of this city, without any regrets on the part of the people at large. Matters have been latterly tending to such a pass that every thing is fast ripening for a Bonaparte; a few more such sessions as the last, and a few more years of neglect of voting, and every citizen of standing will be ready to accept a despot—as the least of evils offered to his choice.

THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

THE Italian war of 1859 is yielding its fruit. Bologna and the best part of the Papal States are freed from the shameless tyranny of the Pope; and Piedmont has in a few weeks doubled her territory and tripled her population. No such change has been made in the map of Europe since the famous treaties of 1815.

There are three points in these transactions which deserve attention on this side the water.

The first is the deference paid by Europe to the principle of popular sovereignty. The people of Tuscany, Æmilia, Modena, and Savoy have, in the face of Europe, transferred their sovereignty by popular vote, just as we transfer power from President to President. The old European idea of sovereignty was that it was inalienable and interminable; that a man could no more shake off his allegiance than he could change his color or his shape as a human being. This idea was stated and actually enforced by Great Britain within the memory of men now living, and not very old men either. Now, the sovereigns of Europe acquiesce calmly in the deliberate transfer, by popular vote, of the sovereignty of Tuscany from the Grand Duke and of the Æmilian Provinces from the Pope to the King of Piedmont, and of Savoy from the King of Piedmont to the Emperor of France. Here is progress indeed!

Next, the conduct of the Italians of the northern Papal States, of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena deserves careful remark. It has been common to observe that no race was fit for self-government without some education in its use. Even De Tocqueville ascribes the frequent revolutions in France to the disuse of popular elections in the *communes*. This idea involved the old fallacy which the Greek humorist expressed by saying that no man should go into the water till he knew how to swim. Still, so many failures have been achieved of late years by nations which have attempted to govern themselves that the Italians—who are not an educated people, and who have been trampled under foot for a score of generations—were quite plausibly accused by loud talkers of being entirely unfit for the autonomous state. See how the event has disproved the charge! Not even in law-abiding America or constitutional England could the people have behaved with more wisdom, and forbearance, and patience, and circumspection, and high sense of responsibility than the Tuscans, Æmilians, and Parmese have evinced since entire liberty was suddenly thrust upon them. Who shall venture to say after this that such or such a race is unfit for self-government?

The third remarkable feature in these transactions is the unprecedented disappearance of local jealousies and petty feuds between city and city, and state and state. The question was put to the people of the states newly annexed to Piedmont whether they preferred annexation or a separate political existence, and the vote for the latter was in every instance so small as hardly to be worth recording. Now, no feature is more prominent throughout the political history of Italy than the jealousies which have always prevailed between the various cities and states into which that country has been divided. Florence has always been at war with Milan and Venice; Milan could not abide Turin; Lucca has been choked with hatred of Florence; the Bolognese have always been ready for war with Padua; Genoa has made war on Leghorn, and been at deadly feud with Venice; and so on throughout time. The history of modern Italy is little else than the record of endless and bloody feuds between town and town, village and village, duchy and duchy. Even in our own day, when, in 1840, Charles Albert made a bold stroke for Italian independence, he failed chiefly because he was only feebly supported by his neighbors on the South, and positively opposed by Venetia. Now, it seems, the Italians have learned that it is better to form one powerful state than to be split up into a dozen or more petty states, capable of offering no serious resistance to foreign enemies. There is nothing more noble—or more sensible—in history than the enthusiasm with which the Florentines and the Bolognese accepted the dominion of the King of Piedmont, in order to constitute a great Italian nation. Those who know the strength of their innate prejudices against their neighbors can appreciate the sacrifice. It is an example worth meditating.

☞ We beg to acknowledge favors received from the purser of the *Marion* steamship.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REVENUES OF THE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SEEING that you are the advocate of Free Trade and its necessary concomitant, the collection of the revenues of the Government by direct taxation, I propose to avail myself of your columns to discuss these subjects, satisfied that, when fairly presented to the public, the positions you have assumed will commend themselves to the favor of a vast majority of the people of this country.

* * * * * *

I propose to show, first, that our present system is not only flagrantly unjust, but that its injustice is stamped with the character of meanness, because its inequalities are in favor of the rich and against the poor.

I suppose it will be admitted by all as a just principle, that the man with much property shall pay to the support of the Government as much, in proportion to his property, as the man who has but little. In other words, if a man having $100 pays $1, the man with $1000 ought to pay $10. Under our present system it is not only intended that this equality shall not be preserved, but it is absolutely impossible that it should be. I will make this proposition so clear that the most ignorant shall not fail to see, nor the most prejudiced be able to deny its truth.

From the best data within my reach the whole property of the whole country is estimated at about $10,000,000,000. According to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Government collected last year from customs $50,000,000. This amounts to just fifty cents upon every $100 of the whole property of the country. The Government got the money; somebody paid it; let us see who it was, and in what proportions. Bear in mind that there was paid to the Government fifty cents on every $100 of the whole property of the whole country. Then the man who had only $100 of property ought to have paid only fifty cents; if he had $1000 he ought to have paid $5; if he had $1,000,000 he ought to have paid $5000.

It is stated that Mr. Astor, of New York, is worth $50,000,000. Supposing this to be true, he ought, in justice and fairness, to have paid $250,000. This, as I shall presently show, it was utterly impossible for him to do.

Let it be remembered that under our system no man can pay to the General Government a dollar except what he pays as duties upon the foreign goods he consumes. Assuming the average of those duties to be twenty per cent., Mr. Astor would have to consume foreign goods to the amount of $1,250,000 before he could pay his share. We all know that this is impossible. Supposing that he consumed $10,000, then he paid to the Government only $2000, leaving $248,000 of his share to be paid by somebody else. No part of this can be paid by another man of the same wealth, because he can not pay his own share; the man with only $1,000,000 can not help, because his share being $5000, he must consume $25,000 to pay his own share; the man with only $100,000 can not help much, unless he has a very large family and is a little extravagant withal, for his share is $500, and he must consume $2500 of foreign goods before he can pay his share.

Let us now go to the other end. The share of the man having $100 of property is just fifty cents. When he has consumed foreign goods to the amount of $2 50 he has paid his share. If he buys for himself a coat at $5 he has paid double, if, with his family, he consumes of foreign goods in clothing, sugar, tools, or no matter what, the value of $100, he pays to the Government $20, and $19 50 of this goes to make up the share which ought to have been paid by Mr. Astor, or somebody else. The one, by the most lavish expenditure, can not pay a tithe of his share; the other, by the most pinching economy, can not escape with his; and yet Mr. Astor can better afford to pay the $250,000 than the other can the fifty cents; in the one case it would not cut off even a luxury of life; in the other, there is a necessary loss. Mr. Astor pays two-fifths of a cent on the $100 of his property; the other man pays two thousand cents on his $100; in other words, the very poor man pays to the Government five thousand times as much in proportion to his property as the very rich one.

True, this is an extreme case, but only on one side. There is no other man in the country as rich as Mr. Astor; but there are thousands and tens of thousands who have not the $100—men with large families, who live upon salaries, clerks, schoolteachers, mechanics—in short, people in all the pursuits and employments of life, relying upon their labor alone to support themselves and those dependent upon them, many of whom are compelled to pay for the support of the Government from $5 to $100 without having a dollar of property. The injustice of this system is too gross and palpable to need argument.

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FREE TRADE.

THE LOUNGER.

PAULDING.

MR. PAULDING, whose death has been announced, was the Nestor of American literature—at least, he was its oldest representative. By a curious coincidence, as Bryant was speaking of the long life and felicitous career of Washington Irving, the companion with whom his first literary successes were achieved was closing his eyes also upon the scenes with which for eighty years they had been familiar.

It is indeed a melancholy proof of the transitory character of literary reputation, that few readers among those who may be distinctively described as of the present day were probably aware that Paulding was yet living. Very few of them, probably, are familiar with his works, and they may well be surprised when they learn that his published writings would fill twenty-five volumes, and the unpublished perhaps as many more.

Paulding has a certain traditional reputation. The name of the man is recognized, while that of most of his works is not remembered. This fact, however, is explained by the local and temporary character of so many of them. Political pamphlets, squibs, parodies, etc., are like fire-works: they explode, flash, and sputter, and that is the end of them. It is still further explained by a peculiar intellectual acridity, which always leaves an impression of crudity and unripeness as fatal to the fruits of human genius as it is to those of mother earth. When it is said that the secret of literary immortality is to be sought in style, the meaning evidently is not that it is a matter of good grammar and hard study, but that a pure and simple style is the reflex of a sweet and ripe mind whose thoughts are mellow. And the process of intellectual mellowing is purgative. It clears the mind, and consequently the style—which may be called the mind's complexion—of all those foul and sour humors which belong to youth and greenness. Some men of great intellectual vigor never get beyond their mental youth. Their minds have the mumps and measles and scarlet-fevers of prejudice and passion to the latest period, so that they never have the calm maturity of manhood. They are splendid sprouts and suckers, but never symmetrical trees. These are the men who make sensations by their vigorous onslaughts and stinging satires. But satire, if it would hold a permanent place in literature, must either be genial and humane, like Rabelais's and Fielding's, or it must spring from a scornful superiority, like Swift's. In like manner the sharp persiflage of Pope survives from the very perfection or ripeness of its method. It is not a strain of mere indignation; but it is a carefully-polished work of art.

Irving himself is often cited as a signal example of the success of style. But in his case it is peculiarly true that the simple and mature style was the expression of the ripe mind. He felt rather than thought; and his tenderness of nature was such that he covered all sides with his sympathy.

Hence, while he lived at a period and in a country of many and profoundly exciting questions, and wrote books for nearly half a century, he rarely, if ever, alluded to controverted topics, and then expressed no decided preferences. This was not moral weakness, certainly, nor intellectual apathy; it was merely that overmastering geniality and unwillingness to hurt the feelings of others, which, when it is sincere—as we have known it in some women—is an exquisitely touching trait of character. Mr. Bryant, in his eulogy, recalls a forgotten incident which illustrates this quality in Irving.

In the year 1832 a London publisher undertook to reprint Mr. Bryant's poems, if Irving would introduce them with a preface, which he consented to do. But the publisher—a true Briton—objected to a line in one of the poems—

"The British soldier trembles."

"And Irving," says Bryant, "good-naturedly consented that it should be altered to

"'The foeman trembles in his camp.'"

The poet adds that the change was made from a simple desire to do him service, and at the time he acknowledged his gratitude to Irving.

Irving's early friend Paulding would have been more likely to make the line stronger, or to italicize, than to alter it; and the fact explains much of the difference in the men, and of their relative position at the close of their lives. A man of vigorous mind and of patriotic sympathies, Mr. Paulding threw himself and his pen into the hereditary quarrel with England, and struck some stalwart blows. But these were strictly occasional works. Neither their matter nor their manner certified a long date for them; and yet this kind of work seems to have been more congenial to his sympathy than the purely literary effort. But when his "Dutchman's Fireside" was published, it was at once considered to be the best of his works—and it is precisely the one in which he is most genial and contemplative in tone. It is a pleasant sketch of the old Dutch days and customs, which had so strong a fascination for the early authors of Manhattan—and it is doubtless the work with which the name of its author will be especially identified in our literary history.

SOLDIERS.

When people shake their heads over the letter of Macaulay, of which we spoke last week, and wonder whether he is not more than half right, they forget one essential difference between the United States and every great modern power in the world since the time of Charles VII. of France, and that is the army. Comparatively speaking, every thing is safe so long as we have no army; and the man who should propose to augment the standing military force of the country would probably have an eye to its destruction.

A standing army is a third estate in the realm, and it is that which keeps the others quiet. The European revolutions have always been so fierce and desolating because they have been repressed by the armies until they have accumulated such fury that nothing can withstand them. Then they swell and sweep onward, carrying away every thing in their course. In any community of men and women, which, by its very nature, must be perpetually moving and changing, to enforce an absolute *statu quo* by the strong arm is simply to sit upon the safety-valve. You do not prevent the accumulation of steam, but you only secure a fearful explosion.

Our party contests are as vehement, probably, as any that were ever waged; but the issue is inevitably peaceful; not only for the reason that peace is best for all kinds of private prosperity, but because the country is always so equally divided that any other combat than the verbal would be evidently fruitless. Great measures with us have never been carried—and it is fortunate for us that it is so—by overwhelming majorities. The result is that the great minority is always a security for moderation upon the part of the majority. The victorious party must proceed very wisely, very slowly, or its victory will be wrested from it. And there is this further advantage, that great changes in affairs should always be made gradually, and with the least possible rupture in the general course of events—a policy which is imposed upon the successful party by the number and importance of the opposition.

It is easy to see how utterly all this might be changed by the existence of a large standing army. The military band has always been used to subvert constitutions and destroy independence; and it would be very easy for any party which came into power—even in our most intelligent, enlightened, and Christian America—to persuade itself that the good of the country required that the party policy should be maintained by military force. In every country of Europe the game of aspirants and intriguers is not the conversion of public opinion, but the command of the army; and the most fatal news that can be brought to any despot trying to hold himself upon his tottering throne is, that the soldiers fraternize with the people.

In every popular government like ours, constitutions will always mean what the people, or the majority, decree. But fortunately their decree can only be practically enforced by argument and appeal. There is no club at hand for them in the shape of an army, by which they can enforce a word with a blow; and it is only in those extreme cases, which happily have never yet arisen, that the mass of the people themselves would take up arms

A LITTLE REASON.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—We sent you, a few weeks since, the Life of ——, and the —— ——, which we have just published at 75 cents, and have been waiting patiently ever since to see some review or notice of the works in *Harper's Weekly*. Yours, truly,

"—— & ——"

This little note offers us a pregnant text, and a text that is offered by a great many such notes, which we constantly receive.

In the first place, if we should make little notices of all the books which are so kindly sent to the office of the *Weekly* the paper would be merely a publishing circular. There are a great many valuable and charming works sent, for which we are most heartily obliged, but about which, with an occasional exception, the necessities of the case compel silence.

In the second place, then, while it is the duty and pleasure of such a family paper as this to keep its readers aware of the general course of public interest, the books, and pictures, and other works of art, as well as the persons and events which engage the general attention, it is obvious that there must be some principle of selection, and in a paper which advertises all reputable wares those are naturally preferred which, other things being equal, are brought to the particular attention of the paper by their advertisement in its columns. Nobody understands this better than such practical businessmen as —— & ——. They know, whatever the reader may or may not know, that if we view this matter from a strictly mercantile point (and they will not quarrel with us for doing that), a review of ten or twenty lines in a paper where advertising is fifty cents per line is worth five or ten dollars. This is the purely mercantile aspect of the question, but it is instructive.

So it will generally happen that, where only two or three good books can be noticed at once, the choice will generally fall upon those good ones which are also peculiarly friendly to the *Weekly*. But the *Weekly* has an absolute discretion in the matter. A publisher has no more right to *claim* a special notice of his book because he has advertised it than the merchant who advertises his shoes or pickles. If the advertisement is not worth the money he is a poor business-man if he pays it. If it is worth the money (as we modestly believe it to be, in the *Weekly*), then any further notice is the purest possible favor, and it should be allowed only upon the ground that the work is really of value and interest, of which the *Weekly* must be the judge.

This is and must be the rule. But the Lounger, for his part, has sometimes spoken, and will doubtless sometimes speak, of books which had neither been sent to him nor advertised in the paper, but a knowledge of which he believed would be agreeable to his readers. He would therefore subjoin the following reply to the note he has quoted in the beginning of this paragraph:

Messrs. —— *&* ——:

Dear Sirs,—Your esteemed favor of the —— is received, as also the books to which you refer. I am quite sure that you will understand me to have no other than the kindest feeling in saying that advertising your books in this paper is a matter for your own discretion, and any notice of them in the reading columns equally a matter for the discretion of the paper.

Your obliged friend and servant,

The Lounger.

ENGLAND AND THE EMPEROR.

A private letter to the Lounger, from a resident at Cambridge University, in England, says: "What a cunning policy Louis Napoleon is pursuing! I am glad to see, however, that at length the rulers of the British people are roused to as complete a distrust as has possessed nine-tenths of the nation, and me among them, for a long time. The commercial treaty and all that humbug has never caused the volunteer rifle movement to flag at all. The Cambridge town corps is now some sixty or seventy men; the University corps over five hundred—a formidable-looking body, and in uniform, under arms, a pretty show...... The only way that we non-soldiering part of the community can show our patriotism is by making up our minds to pay, with the best grace possible, good fat income-taxes."

This is doubtless the general feeling in England, and Lord John Russell's very foolish speech was perhaps made to propitiate this feeling and keep himself in place. The general European policy of L. N. is, beyond question, the real policy of England—that is to say, it is the necessary result of the English system and influence. The secret of the British animosity is, therefore, to be sought not in the changes which L. N. is making in the map of Europe, but in the attack his whole policy incessantly makes upon the self-complacency of England. For the truth is that Louis Napoleon recognizes a radical political principle—that of universal suffrage—which is scouted by English statesmen; and at the very moment when Lord John, in the country which talks so loudly of its freedom and the rights of Englishmen, is languidly bringing forward a Reform Bill to allow a few more people to vote, Louis Napoleon acknowledges universal suffrage in Italy. He owes his throne to the confession of that principle—Victoria does not. Louis Napoleon is by necessity, and, happily for his sagacity, by choice, the imperial radical. The doctrine of Legitimacy is destroyed in France forever, and he knows it. His efforts are unquestionably directed to a policy which shall make his name so precious to France that it will virtually elect his heir as his successor.

Yet he is careful to make some exception to the universality of the rule of popular suffrage. His point is, that a nation without a chief may elect that chief—but that it can not, by the suffrage, alter its status as a nation. Hence he was willing that Tuscany should elect a King of Tuscany—but he did not smile upon the merging of the nation with the Sardinian. Hence, also, as Savoy was not without a chief, he held that no appeal to the suffrage was necessary to complete its cession. That was a matter for the chief himself to settle.

Of course this is making a distinction where there is no difference; but probably he sees that as clearly as any body. Meanwhile the cession is not formally made until the Sardinian Parliament sanctions it; and in that Parliament the delegates from Savoy have their seats and consequent votes. It is a most interesting move in the great game of "Republican or Cossack" which is now playing upon the board of Europe. The chagrin of England is possibly that the champion upon its own side is not an Englishman.

"THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

The literary success of the last year was the novel of "Adam Bede," and the announcement of a new work by the author of that story has excited more interest than any late English literary event. It is stated that an edition of sixty thousand copies will be printed by Blackwood & Sons, the Edinburgh publishers, to satisfy the demand. Upon its publication, Miss Evans, the author, already known before "Adam Bede" by her "Sketches of Clerical Life," her contributions to the *Westminster Review*, her translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and Feuerbach's "Christianity," leaves England for Italy—the most popular of the English author women novelists since Charlotte Brontë. It is a little curious that an American Miss Evans, of Mobile, should have made her début at about the same time, with a novel, "Beulah," which has also had a decided success.

The Lounger is more fortunate than all his readers, probably, because he has read the "Mill on the Floss." It is in his power to tell the outline of the story, and turn the edge of interest in thousands of minds. But he has too high a respect for the proprieties of novel-reading to be guilty of any such offense. No, kind reader; you shall open these pages with an eagerness and curiosity untouched by any malicious information thrust upon you in advance. You shall follow the fortunes of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, of Lucy Deane, and Stephen Guest, and Philip Wakem, and enjoy all the turns and the points as the author intended you should, brought to them naturally in her own way.

That way is as quiet and winning as in "Adam Bede." The book is full of delicate dramatic skill, exquisite delineation and description—finished like an elaborate cabinet picture, and lighted with a glimmering humor throughout. There is passion in it, pathos, and power. It is the illustration of an earnest purpose, of a heroic spiritual struggle. The fineness of the portrayal of character in the earlier part will atone for the lagging interest, but presently the interest rises to the absorbing point. The work is marked throughout by the repose and ease of conscious power; and it is surely a fair question whether Miss Evans has not already placed herself by the side of Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell. She is less intense and passionate than the first—less perceptive by the heart (so to say) than the last; but it is doubtful, perhaps, whether she have not a greater intellectual depth and breadth, as she certainly has more mental repose, than either.

"The Mill on the Floss" will be universally read, and there will be wet eyes before it is laid down. There will also be a more patient, cordial human sympathy, a more willing toleration of difference in character and aim, or one of the seeds which the story leaves in the life will have failed to flower.

It is to be issued immediately by the Harpers, and may be out as soon as these lines.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Wanted.—An Act of Congress, inflicting heavy fines or penalties on all persons who throw orange peel on the pavement. Will no Member, who is in the habit of tripping, or who is clever in breaking down at every step he takes, propose it?

Le Vol de l'Aigle.—The Californian market has been flooded by an influx of bad "Eagles"—the outside of which, we are told, is of gold, but the inside filled up with lead.

These false eagles are suspected to be of Chinese manufacture. We should rather presume them to be French. The French Eagles, it is certain, are very apt to carry lead in their insides—in the shape of bullets.

"The prettiest little Baby in the World."—The only one point upon which the female sex is ever unanimous—the baby in every case being, of course, the lady's own.

Presence of Beauty insures Presence of Mind.—There is nothing so much in favor of the presence of ladies as the abominable nonsense that men talk in their absence.—Jenkins, *on being detained from joining "the Ladies" full three-quarters of an hour after the announcement had been made that* "Tea is ready."

Bark vs. Bite.—The Romagnoles are threatened with excommunication for their desire to get out of the "Bark of St. Peter." They declare they have no objection to the bark of St. Peter. What they object to is the bite of St. Peter's representative.

A student went into a book-store and inquired of the proprietor if he had any pocket Testaments in Greek. "In Greek?" echoed our good friend, hesitatingly; "I believe not, Sir, but I have a lot of elegant ones in morocco."

A celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked, "Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

The servant of a Prussian officer was one day with a crony, who inquired how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellent," answered the servant; "we live on very friendly terms; every morning we beat each other's coats. He takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on!"

A Chinese Toper.—A story is current among them of a great wine-drinker, who was able to sit on all the day at table, and after consuming what would have been sufficient to drive the reason out of half a dozen men, would rise up perfectly sober. The Emperor, hearing the fame of this deep drinker, asked him to dinner, that he might test his marvelous powers. As the story goes, the king had ordered a hollow figure to be cast in bronze, of the exact size and model of this man, and, as the wine was served, for each cup that the guest drank a similar cup was poured into the opening on the top of the head of the image. This went on for some hours, until at length the bronze statue *overflowed*, while the guest continued at the table and rose from it perfectly sober!—*Pictures of the Chinese, described by the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, M.A.*

Lincoln, of Illinois, is famous for his quick wit and good jokes. The following struck us as rather amusing. The other day, when he was up not far from Kansas, with a friend or two, they saw a small stream, and inquired its name. One of the passengers said,

"It is called 'The Weeping Water.'"

Lincoln's eyes twinkled.

"You remember," said he, "the laughing water up in Minnesota, called Minnehaha. Now, I think, this should be Minneboohoo."

There was a roar; and "Minneboohoo" will probably be the name of the stream henceforth.

Deciding a Case.—A farmer called at the house of a lawyer to consult him professionally. "Is t' squeer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's wife. He was answered negatively. After a moment's hesitation a thought relieved him. "Mebby yourself can gi' me information as well as t' squeer, as ye're his wife?" The kind lady promised to do so if she found it in her power, and the other proceeded as follows: "Spoaze ye were an old white mear, an' I should borry ye to gwang to mill, with grist on yer back, an' we should get no farder than Stair Hill, when all at once ye should back up, and rear up, and pitch up, and kneel down backward, and break your darned old neck, who'd pay for ye? Not I—darn me if I would!" The lady smilingly told him, as she closed the door, that as he had himself settled the case advice would be superfluous.

The Dunmow Flitch.—I believe it is necessary that the happy couple who claim the flitch should be able to declare on oath that they have been married a year and a day without once differing in opinion on any subject; and I once was told of a husband and wife who, asserting their right to the prize, had then and there a dispute as to the best mode of cooking the first piece, the lady vowing she would have it boiled for dinner, and her lord and master strongly asserting his determination to have some broiled for his breakfast, thus leading the judge to suspect that conjugal differences of opinion between them were not quite so rare as they would have wished to make it appear, and that the "flitch," that year, at least, had been unworthily bestowed.

Hydropathy.—The story goes, that a lover of the chase, who was somewhat addicted to the pleasures of the table, and loved more glasses of port wine than was quite good for him, consulted a hydropathic Galen respecting some symptoms in his kitchen department which were beginning to give him alarm. The doctor recommended the application of the wet bandage to his stomach at bedtime, there to remain until the following morning. "I will see you to-morrow," added he, "when I shall be better able to judge of your symptoms." At night our hero, having saturated the folds of linen in cold spring water, began the application as directed, but the shock to his internal economy being greater than he had bargained for, he bethought himself of taking off the chill by re-dipping the bandage into water in which there was a certain portion of his favorite beverage. Having thus made things rather more comfortable, he awaited the doctor's visit the next morning. "Show me your bandage," was almost the learned man's first exclamation. It was produced. The doctor regarded its discolorations for a moment with feelings of lively satisfaction, and then, solemnly addressing his patient, who had some difficulty in retaining his gravity, "I thought so, Sir," he said; "this is the port wine you have drunk for the last twenty years coming out!"

George the Third on the Courage of his Family.—He observed that he could not bear that any of his family should want courage. To which I replied, I hoped his Majesty would excuse me if I said I thought a proper attention to prevent the ill effects of an accident that *had* happened was no symptom of a want of courage. He then said, with some warmth, "Perhaps it may be so; but I thank God there is but one of my children who wants courage, and I will not name him, *because he is to succeed me*."—*Diaries and Correspondence of George Rose.*

Old Mrs. Squibob, of Arkansas, is a most inveterate whist-player. Her pastor, on a late occasion, undertook to convey to Mrs. S. the idea that, possibly, the practice of whist-playing was not altogether in the strictest accordance with the profession of a Christian; and, to say the least, its indulgence caused a great loss of time. "Yes," responded the old lady; "I have noticed that very often much more time than is actually necessary is taken up in *shuffling and dealing!*"

Last summer I was in a steamer returning home from a foreign tour. One of my fellow-passengers was a large fat man, full of fun, and fond of practical jokes; he kept all around him in a roar of laughter. On our arrival at the wharf the gang-plank was launched on shore, and the passengers began to crowd over it. Our fat friend dared not trust himself upon it without help from some strong and friendly hand. As he stepped upon the plank, with a small carpet-bag in hand, he shouted, "Coach! coach!" and two hackmen started from the crowd of their fellows standing by, and each lent him a hand. "Ah! thank you, my good fellows," said he; "you are very kind. I'm now on solid ground, and do not want a coach!"—"And sure it's glad we are of that; for we should be obliged to make two loads iv yer!" said one of the whips in reply, turning the laugh completely against our jolly friend.

Stability of Things in England.—In one of his lectures Mr. Emerson tells a story to exemplify the stability of things in England. He says that William of Wykeham, about the year 1050, endowed a house in the neighborhood of Winchester, to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one who asked it forever; and, when Mr. Emerson was in England, he was curious to test that good man's credit; and he knocked at the door, preferred his request, and received his measure of beer and quantum of bread, though its owner had been dead 800 years.

"The citizens of Sing Sing are much dissatisfied with the name of their village, as identifying them perpetually with the famous prison. Mr. Willis passed through the other day, and, seeing a group of convicts in their picturesque and fashionable garb, he proposed that the prison keep the old name of Sing Sing, while the town receive the new and characteristic one of Zebra-ville."

This is the closing argument of one of the legal practitioners in Iowa:

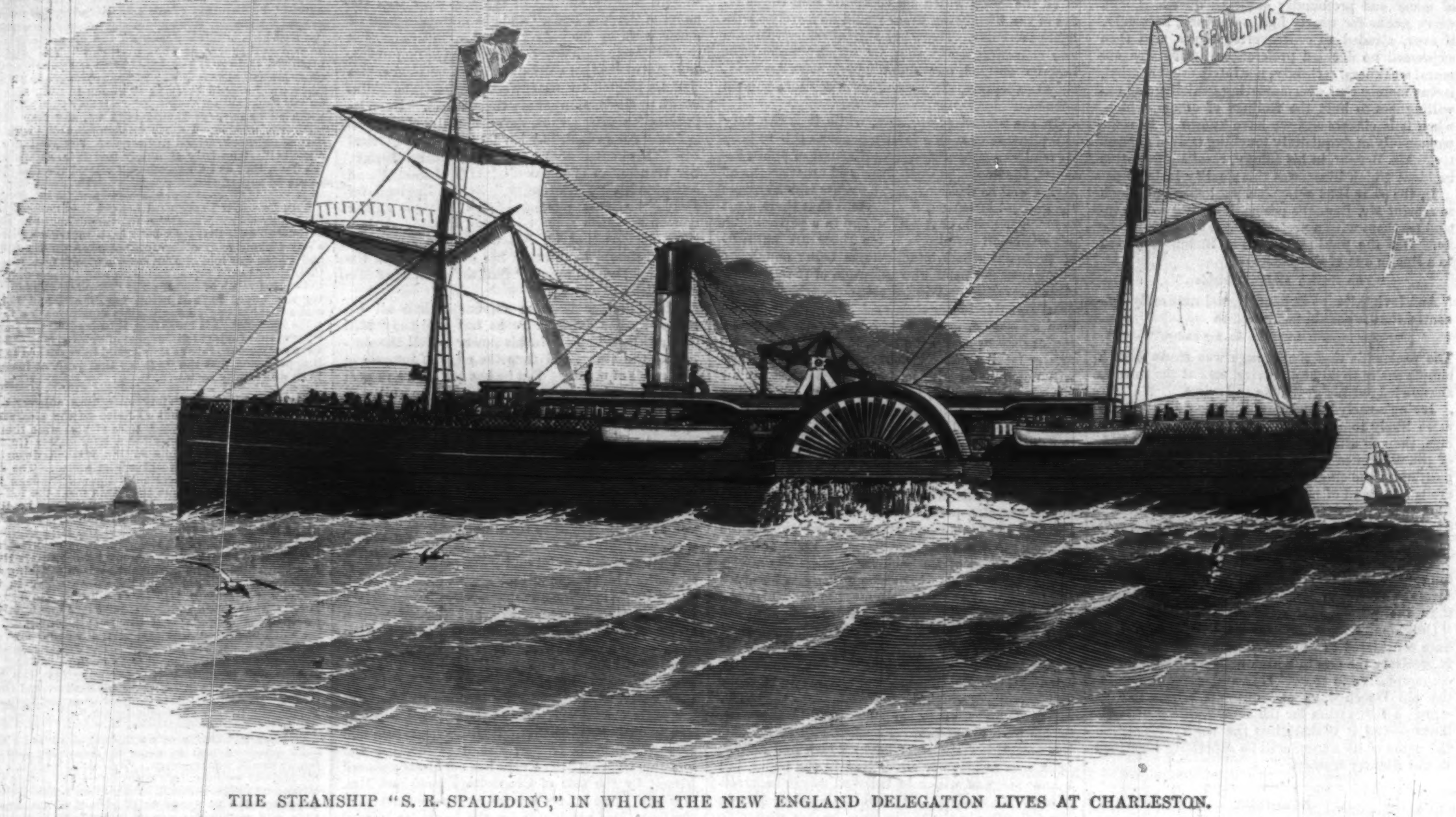
"Gentlemen of the Jury,—Would you attempt to empty the great Mississippi with a gourd? No, gentlemen, I know you would not. Would you attempt to spear a buffalo with a knitting-needle? No, gentlemen, I know you would not. Then I ask you, in the name of common sense and decency, how you can convict my client guilty of *man*slaughter for taking the life of a *woman?*"

"I'm very sorry," said a learned judge to a young woman, who hesitated much in giving some very unpleasant evidence, "I am very sorry to have to enforce such an explanation as this; it must, of course, be painful to any decent person, but the ends of justice require it; and not only so, but all the well-dressed females you see on either side of me, have come a long way to hear that which pains you so much to utter."

A remarkable inundation occurred in Scotland in the year 1771, which ever since that period has been known as the "flood." A little town called Paradise is situated within the district which suffered from this disaster. At a recent trial, an old Scotchman of sixty years of age, who was a witness, was asked if he knew Mr. ——. "Non," he replied, "but aw kend his faithur." "When was that?" "Before the flood." "Now, my man," inquired the learned counsel (who knew nothing of the flood of 1771, and thought to be down upon the witness), "where did you live, then?" "In Paradise, to be sure!" A roar of laughter completed the amazement and discomfiture of the cross-examiner.

"There are some members of the community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like crumbs in the throat. If they go the *right* way, they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the *wrong* way, they give a good deal of trouble."

Once upon a time there lived an old couple known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete patterns of conjugal felicity as they had formerly been of discord. A neighbor, anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the gudewife to explain it. She replied, "Me and the old man have got on well enough together ever since we kept two bears in the house."—"Two bears!" was the perplexed reply. "Yes, sure," said the old lady, "bear and forbear."



THE STEAMSHIP "S. R. SPAULDING," IN WHICH THE NEW ENGLAND DELEGATION LIVES AT CHARLESTON.

THE "S. R. SPAULDING."

We publish herewith an engraving of the *S. R. Spaulding* steamer, in which the Democratic delegates from New England have taken passage to Charleston. The *Spaulding* left Boston on Friday 13th, arrived in Baltimore on Sunday 15th, and sailed for Charleston on 18th.

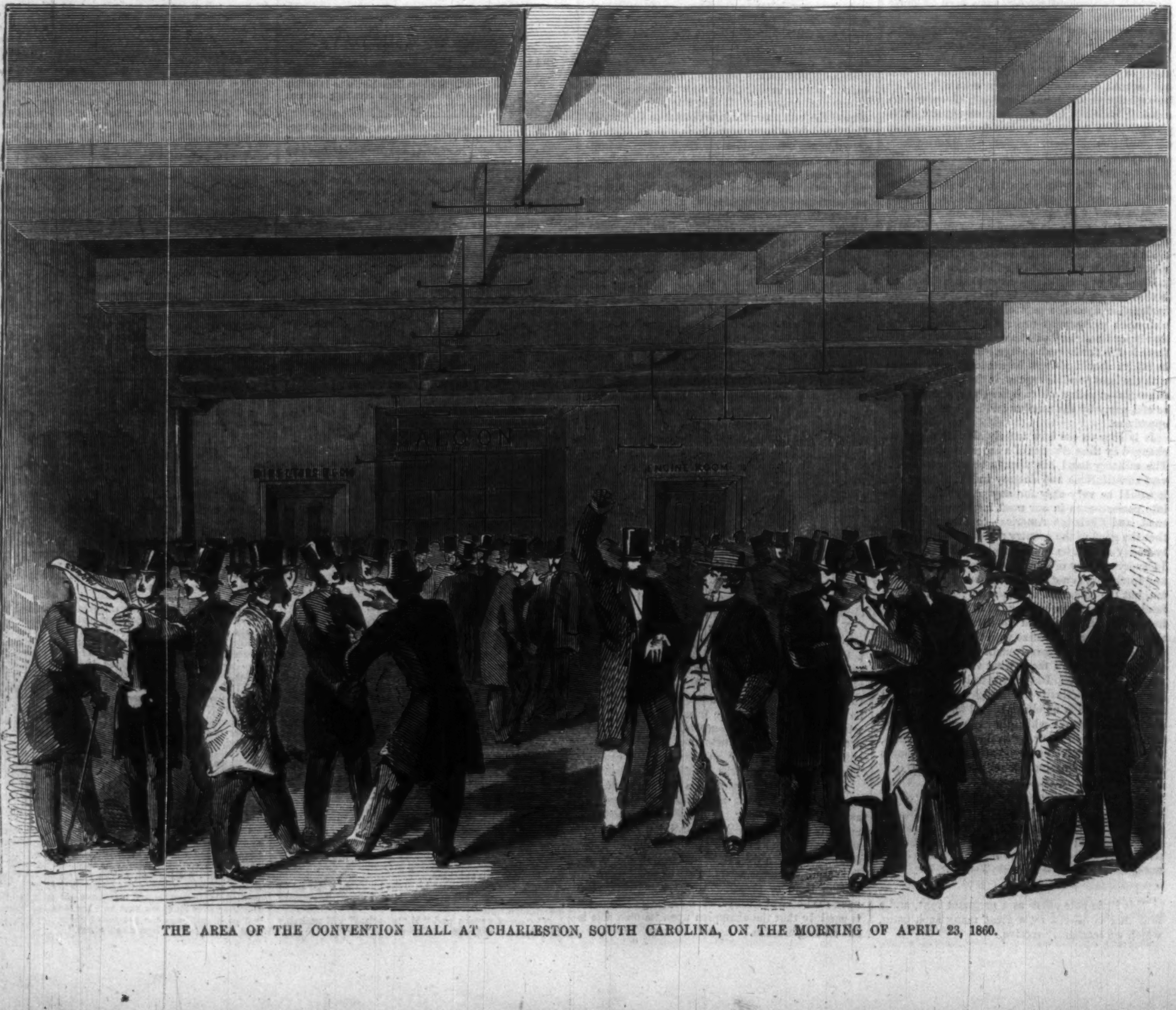
The *S. R. Spaulding* is a new iron steamer, built at Wilmington, Delaware, last year. Her tonnage is 1500 tons, her length 218 feet, breadth of beam 33 feet; she has one beam engine 56 inch cylinder and 11 feet stroke. She is commanded by Captain Howes. She carries three brass guns, two of them were used in the battle of Bunker Hill, and the other was taken from the Spanish wreck, *San Pedro*, sunk in the Bay of Cumana, 1815.

The *S. R. Spaulding* has been chartered for eighteen days by the Democrats of New England for $10,000. Among her passengers, who number one hundred, are Hon. Caleb Cushing, Benjamin F. Butler, B. F. Hallett, etc.

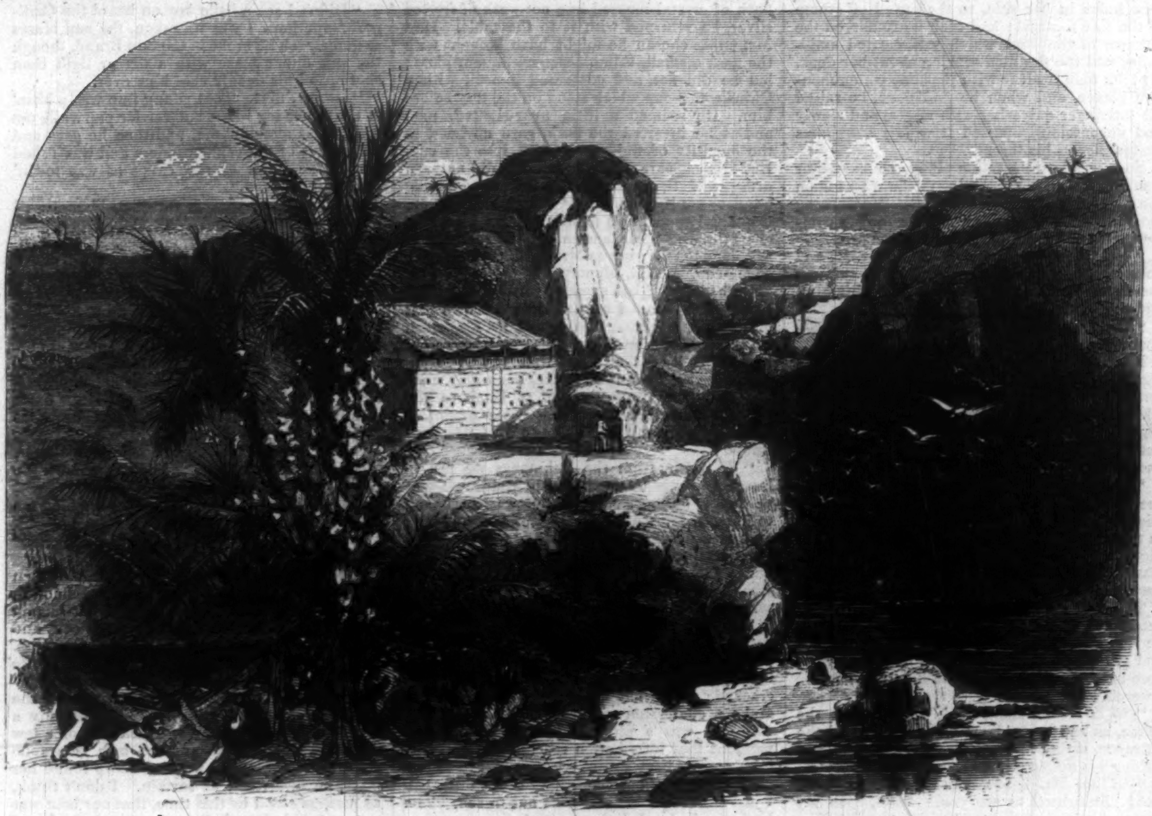
The *Herald* correspondent thus describes her accommodations:

"Extra accommodations have been fitted up for the purpose of the present excursion. Berths with curtains have been constructed in the forward between decks, and seem to be comfortable. The state-rooms are commodious for a sea-going steamer. The saloon is neatly furnished, and every thing thus far indicates that the boat is stanch, well appointed, and well commanded. A regular bar is established on board, where good liquors are dispensed at ten cents per glass. It is patronized to a moderate extent—it being one of the regulations of the ship, and one of the primary stipulations of the excursion, that all persons found at all over the bay shall at once be sent to Franz, the steward, for external manipulations and for the application of internal cataplasms in the shape of raw oysters."

The New England delegates to the Convention have resolved to live on board the *S. R. Spaulding* until the Convention breaks up; they can thus live more cheaply, and probably more comfortably, and certainly more healthily, than in the overcrowded hotels of Charleston.



THE AREA OF THE CONVENTION HALL AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 23, 1860.



THE PIRATES' DEN.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

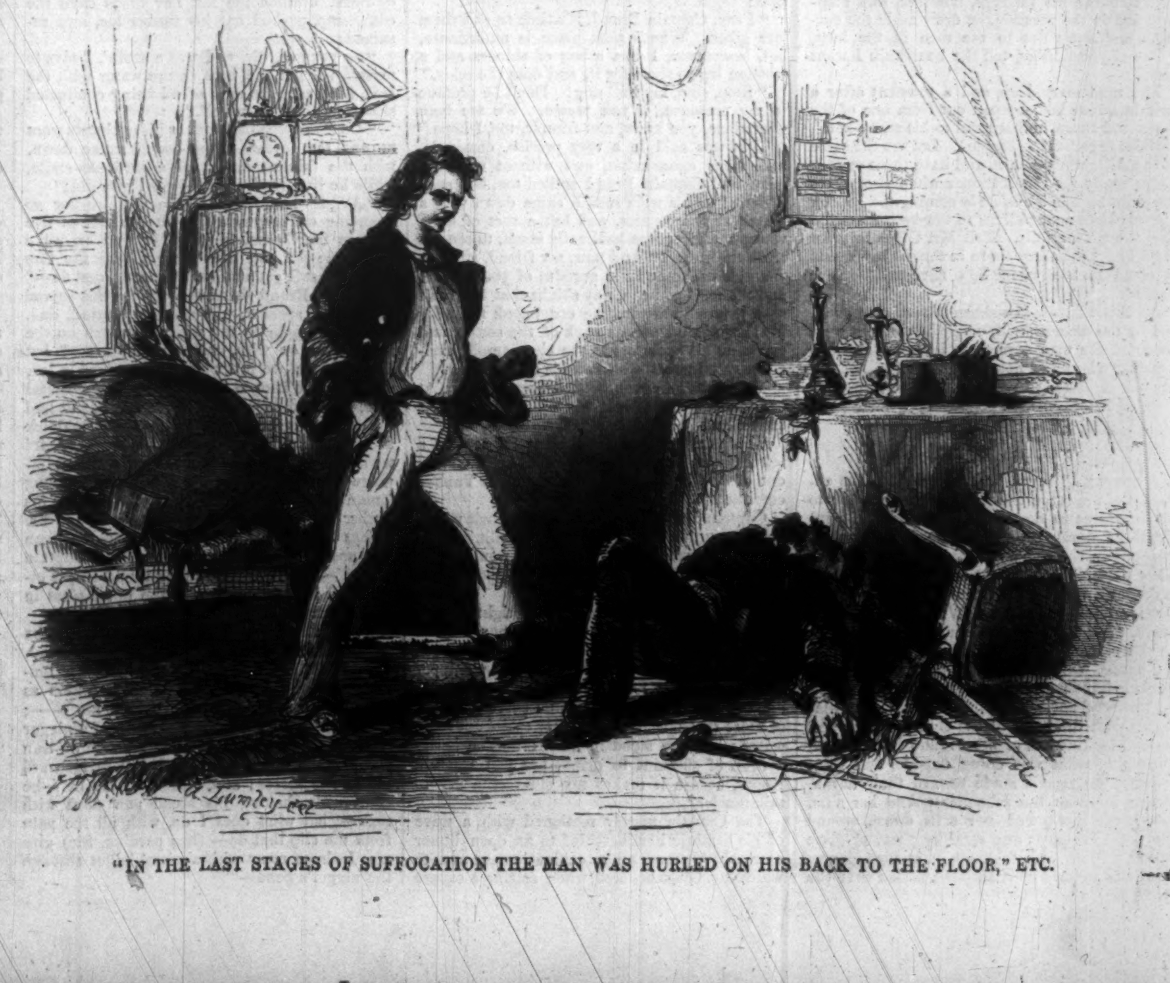
CAPTAIN BRAND AT HOME.

Upon a broad, flat rocky ledge, near a small landlocked narrow inlet, of one of the clustering Twelve League Keys on the south side of Cuba, stood a red-tiled stone building, with a spacious veranda in front, covered by plaited matting, and canvas curtains triced up all round. The back and one side of the building rested against a craggy eminence which overlooked the sea on both sides of the island and commanded a wide sweep of reef and blue water beyond. A few clumps of cocoa-nut trees and dwarf palms, with bare gaunt stems and tufted tops, stood out here and there along the rocky slopes, while lesser vegetation of cactus and mangrove bushes were scattered thickly over the island, cropping out with jagged edges of rock, down to the sandy beaches of the sea-shore. A deep narrow inlet of blue water lay pure and still near the base of the rocky height, where, too, was a shelving curve of white sand, sprinkled about by a few mat sheds, and on the other side the rocks arose to the elevation of a hundred and fifty feet and acted as a precipitous wall to the water. The inlet here took a sharp turn, scooped out in a secluded basin, and then narrowing to less than forty yards in width, it wound and twisted for a good mile in a thin blue channel to the open sea. Half that distance further out was a roaring ledge of white breakers, where the long swell came hammering on it, bursting up in the air in brightish green masses, and then tumbling over the reef and bubbling smoothly on toward the shore. On a level with the water no channel could be discerned through the ledge; but looking down from the heights around the inlet a narrow blue gate-way was marked out, skirted on the surface by frothy crests of dead foam, and near where flocks of cormorants and gulls were riding placidly on the inner side of the ledge. The island itself was about two miles broad and seven long; and about midway of its width the inlet formed a forked strait, one branch finding its way to the north, between a low succession of sandy hummocks where the water was too shallow to float a duck, and the other finding an outlet, scarcely a biscuit-toss wide, between two bluff rocks. With the trade-wind this passage was safe and accessible; but or the change of the moon, with a breeze and swell from the south, the sea came bowling in, in boiling eddies and whirlpools, and it required a nerve of iron to attempt an entrance. Just within this narrow mouth, on a flat beveled edge of rock but a few feet above the water, was a small battery of two long eighteen-pounders, and two twenty-four carronades mounted on slides and trucks, with platforms laid on a bed of sand. Near by, beneath a low shed of tiles and loose stones, was a pile of round shot, nicely blacked, and some stands of grape and canister in canvas bags and cases, together with a large copper magazine of cartridges. Seated a little way off on a low stool was a dingy Spaniard with a telescope laid across his knees, which every little while he would raise to his eye and take a steady glance around the horizon to seaward. At other times he would roll and light a paper cigar, murmuring some low ditty to himself as he sent the smoke in volumes through his nose. A small brass bell hung beside the shed near the battery, which was connected by a wire strung on low posts, or hooked from rock to rock to the stone building away up at the basin. To return, however, to the building: the veranda rested on square rough masonry full twenty feet from the ground, which was loopholed for musketry, and with but one narrow slip of a door-way that fell like a portcullis, banded and strapped with bars and studs of wrought iron. Within this stone inclosure was a large and roomy vault, half filled with cases, barrels, and packages, and at the upper angle was a narrow subterranean vaulted passage, barred also by an iron-bound door which led to a succession of whitewashed chambers, dark, damp, and gloomy, and then on, in a fissure-like pathway, to another equally strongly secured outlet on the other side of the crag. Leading to the veranda was a tautly stretched rope-ladder lashed to eye-bolts let into the natural rock below and hooked on to the edge of the floor above. This was the only approach to the main floor of the building from the outside, though within were heavy trap-doors like the hatches of a ship, which communicated to the chambers beneath. The whole structure was of stone and tiles, roughly built, but yet strong and durable, and capable of resisting any assault, unaided by cannon, that could be brought against it. The floor was divided into four rooms, the smallest used for a kitchen, the next for a magazine of small-arms, and the third a spacious bedchamber, which opened into a large square apartment facing the veranda, and which deserves more notice.

The lofty ceiling came down with the slant, showing the bare red tiles and heavy square beams which supported the roof. In one of the stoutest of these beams was an eye-bolt and copper-strapped block, through which was rove a long green silk rope, with one end secured by a cleat on the wall and the other dangling loose and squirming, whenever a current of air struck it, like a long, slim snake. Around the sides of the room, which were paneled with cedar, stood four or five quaint ebony armories, and as many cabinets, clocks, and book-cases, with here and there a woman's work-stand, some of them curiously inlaid with pearl and silver. The walls were hung with a great number of pictures of all kinds of vessels—generally, however, of the merchant description—under full sails, with vivid light-houses in the distance, and combing breakers under the lee; and all portraying gallant crews and buoyant freights, which probably had never reached their destinations. Among this gallery of marine display was a broad framing of the "Flags of All Nations;" and codes of signals, too, in bright colors, hung beside them. Further on, in a pretty panel by itself, surrounded by an edging of mother-of-pearl, was a triple row of female miniatures, a number of them of great beauty, and many executed in excellent taste and art. In one corner was a large chart-stand, covered with rolls of maps and nautical instruments; while above were suspended, by white rope grummets, a pyramidal line of spy-glasses and telescopes of all sizes and make. Near the centre of the apartment stood a large round dining-table, on which were laid things for a breakfast, a box of cigars, and a small silver pan of live coals. There were but two windows to this room, both hung with striped muslin curtains, the casements going to the floor, and looking out upon the veranda; and but two doors, one leading to the kitchen, and the other to the sleeping-chamber on the opposite side.

Presently this last door opened, and, pushing aside a blue gauze curtain which hung before it, an individual of about eight-and-twenty years of age stepped languidly into the room. He was a tallish man, rather spare in build, and though pale apparently from long illness, yet he was evidently very active and muscular when his nerves were called into action. Had it not been for a choleric curve to his large nose, and a little parting at the corners of his wide mouth and compressed lips, the face might have been thought handsome. The eyes were light blue, set close together, but hard and stony, with no ray of mercy or humanity in them. He wore no beard, and his light-brown hair was thin and dry, and carefully parted at the side. He was dressed in a snow-white pair of loose drilling trowsers, cut sailor fashion, straw slippers, and silk stockings; and above he wore a brown linen jacket with large pearl buttons and pockets. As he entered the room he held a delicate cambric handkerchief with a fine lace border in his hands, which he seemed to regard with curious interest as he lounged toward the windows of the veranda.

"I wish I could remember," he muttered musingly to himself, "which of those sisters this bit of cambric belonged to, marked with an E—Ellen or Eliza—hum! They *would* die—silly things!—tried to stab me! Ho! what fun! Never left me even a miniature either for my collection. *Bueno!* There's more fish in the sea—and under it too!" he concluded, with an unpleasant elevation of his eyebrows. By this time he had approached the open window, and shoving the delicate fabric daintily in his pocket, he gave a slight yawn and looked out. Before him lay the deep blue basin of the inlet, with a couple of boats hauled up on the shore; a few idle sailors moving about, or squatted beneath the sheds playing cards or sewing. Without letting his eye rest more than a moment on this scene, he turned and gave a long, earnest gaze between an opening of the rocks to seaward. Then with an angry frown he approached the table, poured out a cup of black coffee, threw rather than dropped in a lump of sugar, and sat himself down for his morning's meal. He had scarcely, however, gulped down his cup of coffee and choked after it a slice of toast, than he pushed away the breakfast things, snapped his teeth together like a steel clasp, biting a tooth-pick in twain by the effort; and



"IN THE LAST STAGES OF SUFFOCATION THE MAN WAS HURLED ON HIS BACK TO THE FLOOR," ETC.

then, tossing the pieces away, he dashed his hand into the cigar-box, extracted one, touched it to the pan of coals, and began to smoke savagely. At first the grateful smoke appeared to soothe his chafed spirit, for he threw himself lazily into a large cane-bottomed settee, and, stretching out his legs, seemed to enjoy the tranquil scene around him with uninterrupted pleasure. But soon a scowl darkened his face, he dropped his cigar on the floor, and springing to his feet as if touched by a galvanic battery, he snatched down a telescope from the wall, steadied it at the window-sash, and peered again long and anxiously to windward. He saw nothing, however, save the long, glassy, unbroken undulations of a calm tropical sea, rolling away off beyond the ledge under a burning sun; no sign of a breeze—not even a cat's-paw; and only now and then the leap of a deep-sea fish sparkling for a moment in the air, and some sluggish gulls and pelicans sailing and diving about the reef for their prey. Shutting up the glass with a crash that made the joints ring, he strode to the settee, where hung several knotted bell-ropes, and seizing one gave it a sharp jerk. Then putting his ear to an aperture in the wall, where was a hollow cane tube like the mouth of a speaking-trumpet, he listened attentively till a hoarse whisper uttered the word "Señor." Putting his mouth to the tube, he said,

"Can you make out the *Centipede* from the crag station?"

"Not sure, Sir, this morning; but last evening, at sunset, I saw a sail which I took to be her. The sea-breeze is just beginning to make, and if she's to windward of Punta Arenas she'll soon heave in sight."

This colloquy was held in Spanish; and when the signal-man had ceased speaking the interlocutor lit another cigar mechanically, kicked a foot-stool out of his way like a foot-ball, and thus communed with himself as he rapidly paced between the table and the veranda:

"Twelve weeks ago yesterday since the schooner was off Matanzas; not a word of news to cheer me through all that cursed fever; the spring trade done, and the track deserted by this time!"

Then pausing in his walk he stopped at the chart stand, and unrolling a map, he went on:

"Where, in the devil's name, could she possibly have gone to? She might have been to Cape Horn and back before this. Miserable fool that I was to trust the craft with that thirsty, thick-headed Gibbs! Diavolo! he may have been captured, and if he has, I hope his neck has been stretched like a shred of jerked beef."

Even while he was talking a bell struck near the settee, and putting his ear again to the tube, the hoarse voice said, "I can make her out now, Señor! She's just caught the strong, young breeze, and is hull up, coming along with the bonnet off her foresail and a reef in her mainsail. There's a felucca to windward of her, which I take to be the *Panchita*."

"Ah! ha!" laughed the individual in the room. "The *Centipede* is safe then; and I am to have the pleasure too of a visit from the *Tuerto*, the mercenary old owl, with his account of sales and his greed. But let me once catch him foul, and, my one-eyed friend, I'll treat you to such a dance that you won't need shoes!"

Here he glanced with a meaning look at the silk rope swaying from the beam above his head, and the laugh of satisfaction which followed was not one a timid man would care to hear in a dark night; nor did it come from his heart, as any one might have discovered from the ferocious gleam of inward passion which shot out in the cold sparkle of his eyes and flitted away over his grating teeth.

Controlling his feelings, however, and stepping out on the veranda, he drew aside the curtains and sung out to the men in the huts, "One of you fellows, tell the boatswain I want him."

The men started up, and a moment after a man in a blue jacket stood out from one of the sheds and threw up his hand to his straw-hat.

"Get together the people! Let run the cable at the Alligator's mouth, and have three or four warps ready for the schooner when she passes the point! The *Panchita* is coming too, so look out and have enough lines to tow both vessels in case the breeze fails. Tell Mr. Gibbs to moor close under the other shore in the old berth, and to come to me when he's anchored! D'ye hear?"

All this was said in a sharp tone of command, and by the alacrity with which the orders were executed the men seemed to be accustomed to a master who knew how to rule them.

CHAPTER IX.

MASTER AND MATE.

A couple of hours had passed since the occupant of the stone building had last spoken to his subordinates down at the inlet, but the interval he devoted to a minute inspection of weapons in the armory adjoining his bedroom. They were all in excellent order, all of the best make, and very neatly arranged in stands and cases around the room. When he emerged again, after locking the door, he held an exquisite pair of small pistols inlaid with gold in his hands, which he gently polished with his cambric handkerchief, and then slipped them in his trowsers' pockets. Then he held short dialogues with the voice at the signal-station, and without looking out of the window he informed himself of what was doing outside, and what progress the vessels made toward their haven. When, however, the schooner poked her slim, low, black bows, with her sails down, around the point, he gave one stealthy peep, or glare rather, at her. He took all in at that glance, from the patches of sheet-lead nailed over the shot holes in her side, to the sawed off stump of the fore topmast; and then he remarked the absence of the boat which was carried amidships, and the few men moving about her deck. Ay! he took it all in with that one comprehensive glance, and when he had done, he raised his forefinger quivering with anger, and slowly and unconsciously passed it with an ominous gesture across his throat.

Soon was heard a sullen plunge as an anchor was let go, and the splashing of the warps upon the water as the stern of the *Centipede* was being moored to the rocks, to make room for her companion the felucca now shortly expected.

"Mr. Gibbs is coming on shore, Señor, and he seems to have a wooden leg," came through the tube. "The Doctor is coming with him, and there is a little boy in the boat."

"Ho!" muttered the man in the saloon—"where was that brat picked up?"

Nothing more was said. The tall man lit a cigar, threw himself in an easy attitude on the settee, opened a richly bound volume, and waited. Ten minutes may have gone by when the trampling of feet was heard on the smooth rocks outside the building, and the voice of Mr. Gibbs exclaimed,

"Easy, will ye, Doctor! Don't ye see it tears the narves out of me to hobble with this broom-stick-handle of a leg! There! Stop a bit! How in thunder am I to climb this dam ladder? Oh!" Here a low howl of pain. "Another shove. Easy, old Sawbones! So—give us another push, will ye! All right! There, that'll do."

The next minute Mr. Bill Gibbs stood on the broad piazza, and, with the assistance of a crutch, he hobbled to the entrance of the apartment, and only pausing to recover his wind and compose his features, he pulled off his straw-hat and entered.

"So ho! Mr. Gibbs," said the man on the settee, as the burly, lame ruffian darkened the entrance, laying the book down as he spoke, and waving his delicate handkerchief before him.

"So ho, Mr. Gibbs, you've come back at last! Delighted to see you. I am, 'pon my soul. Ah! one of those stout pins gone? Why how's this? Some little accident. Santa Cruz rum and a tumble down the hatchway perhaps, eh? D'ye smoke? Take a cheroot. Put that bag on the table."

All this was said in a gay, gibing tone, with an indifference and *sang froid* that a tight-rope dancer might have been proud of; and as he ended he threw a handful of cigars across the table, and pushed the pan of coals toward his visitor. Before, however, Gibbs had time to utter a word in reply his companion, while lolling over the settee, caught up an opera-glass from the table, and, placing it to his eyes, went on:

"Ha! ho! the fore topmast of my pretty long-legged schooner is gone. Pretty stick it was. I suppose, Master Gibbs, that *you*"—he nodded fiercely without removing the glass—"cut it up for that lovely new leg you've mounted. Ay, my beauty"—again apostrophizing the vessel, which lay like a wounded bird in the calm inlet before him; "but where's my beautiful barge that used to cover the long gun? Ho! stormy weather you've seen of late."

During all this one-sided conversation Gibbs had managed to wriggle his mutilated body on to a wicker chair, where he steadied himself with his crutch, evincing manifest signs of choler the while by running his fat fingers through the reddish door-mat of hair, hitching up his trowsers, and rapping nervously his timber stump of a leg on the floor, until at last, unable apparently longer to control himself, he burst out, with his bad face suffused with passion:

"I say, Captain Brand, it's time to end them 'ere gibes. What's took place is unfortinate, but, howsoever, I has a bag of shiners and a wooden leg to show for it, and dam the odds."

"Stop, stop, my bull-dog! Don't be profane in my presence, if you please. We are both Christians, you know, and friends, too, I hope."

This was said in a very precise, emphatic, and clear enunciation, and without apparent heat, and Captain Brand smiled too, but such a smile! as his wide mouth came down with a twitch at the corners, and left a sort of hole, where the cigar was habitually stuck, to see his teeth through. "And now, my friend, suppose you give me some little account of your cruise, and fill up, if you can, any chinks that I haven't seen through already," he concluded, throwing his legs again over the back of the settee, and elevating his eyebrows as the cigar smoke curled in spiral wreaths around his face.

Mr. Gibbs hereupon settled himself more at ease in his chair, laid his crutch across his knees, and began:

"I s'pose, Sir, you got the news I sent in a letter from Matanzas after we'd been chased out of the Nickolas Channel by that Yankee corvette?"

Captain Brand nodded at the eye-bolt which held the green silk rope from the ceiling, as if calculating mentally the strain it would bear, merely as a matter of philosophical speculation perhaps.

"Well, arter that—and a very tight race it was—we ran down to the Behamey Banks. There we picked up a Yankee schooner loaded with shingles and lumber; and as the skipper was sarsy, I just made him and his crew walk one of his own planks, and then bored a couple of holes through his vessel arter takin' out some water which we stood in need of.—You hasn't a drop of summut to drink, has you, Captain Brand, becase it makes my jaw-tackle dry to talk much?"

The Captain merely motioned with a wave of his cambric handkerchief to an open liquor case which stood on a cabinet near, and to which Mr. Gibbs hobbled, when, seizing a square flask of crystal incased in a net-work of frosted silver, he returned with it to the table. Had Mr. Gibbs chosen he might have brought with the flask a small, thimble-shaped liqueur glass; but he did not, and contented himself with a China coffee-cup which stood on the tray before him. He seemed a little near-sighted, too; and as he inverted the flask, gave no heed to the quantity of fluid he poured into the cup. But he took care, however, that it did not run over; and then, raising it with a trembling hand to his lips, he said, "My sarvice to you, Captain Brand," and tossed it down his capacious throat. The Captain gave no response to this compliment; but as Mr. Gibbs put down the coffee-cup, he said, blandly,

"Thank you; but suppose you put that flask back in the case. I am rather choice with that brandy; it was a—given to me by a—person who was a—unfortunately drowned, and a—I never offer it a—the second time."

Puffing his cigar as he spoke, in an easy manner, and then turning round to listen to Mr. Gibbs's narrative. Becoming more genial as the brandy loosened his tongue, Mr. Gibbs continued:

"Well, Sir, from the Behameys we ran to leeward, nearly to the Spanish Main, in hopes perhaps of finding some stray fellow as was bound to Europe; but we see nothing for days and days and weeks and weeks, till finally the water fell short again; and we beats up and runs into Santa Cruz. There, as luck would have it, Eboe Pete and French Tom got into a bit of a scrimmage up on a gentleman's plantation, arter sunset, and was werry roughly handled by a patrol of sogers as happened to be near. I believe as how Eboe Pete died that night; and I heerd, too, that French Tom had his skull cracked; and what does he go for to do but make a confession to the authorities that the *Centipede* was a pirate! Well, Captain, the moment that information reached *me*, and seein' a soger's boat gettin' ready, and the sogers running about the water-battery of the fort, than I just slips the cable and runs out to sea, like a bird; and, Lord love ye, Sir! the way they pitched round shot arter us was—was—" Here Master Gibbs paused for a simile, and the Captain observed, with a hacking, cough-like laugh,

"You saved the water-casks, though?"

"Why no, Sir; and we was forced to go upon a 'lowance of a pint a water a man!"

"Ho!" rejoined the listener. "Capital! Didn't suffer, I hope? Go on."

"Howsomever, I says to myself the Captain wants a good, valy'ble cargo, and so we beats up again and stretches away back along the coast of Jamaiky, on the look-out for any think that might be comin' that 'ere way. Well, Sir; d'ye see, airly one morning, as we was a lying close as wax under the land, we spies a big brig becalmed off to seaward; but we diskivered at the same time that same Yankee cruiser as was in chase of us off Matanzas! I know'd as how you would be displeased at any risks being run; so we keeps clean and snug in-shore, under a pint o' land, till set of sun, and until arter the moon went down. Then the breeze sprung up fresh from the old trade quarter, and says I, Now we'll make a dash at that 'ere drogher, and squeeze him as dry as bone dust; more pertikerly, ye see, Captain, since the corvette, arter dodgin' about him all day, had yawed off, and, with his port-tacks aboard, was beatin' to wind'ard."

Here Mr. Gibbs's auditor took the cigar from his mouth and rolled his light-blue eyes at him, puffed a thick volume of smoke through the corner of his mouth, but said never a syllable.

The narrator gave a wistful look at the brandy-flask, drained the last few drops from the coffee-cup, pushed out his timber leg, and resumed:

"So you see, Sir, as I was a sayin', I says to myself, I'll get the boat in the water with the lads, and, to make sure of all being conducted ship-shape, I'll go myself."

"Oh!" said the Captain, as his eyebrows went up and the corners of his mouth came down, with the faintest breath of a sardonic smile, while he lit a fresh cigar—"Oh! you did!"

"Ay, Sir! So we let the old drogher go bouncing on past us, at about the rate of five mile in four hours, when we crossed his wake under the jib, and then we ups with the fore and main sail, got a pull of the sheets, and da—"

Captain Brand shook the point of his curved nose at the speaker, who checked himself, and, giving an emphatic rap with his crutch on the floor, went on with, "Beg parding, Sir! but Lord love ye, we just walked up under his lee, and afore he know'd where he wos, we boarded him, knocked over two or three chaps, and had the skipper lashed down in his cabin as quick as winkin' and as quiet as could be. Ay, Sir! we had it all our own way; but durin' the scrimmage wot should I see but the loveliest young 'oman as ever I clapped eyes on!" Here his timber stump grated nervously on the floor. "Says I, that's just the craft, with such a clean run and full bows, as would please Captain Brand"—that individual rolled round on his elbow and brought his eye to the opera-glass in the direction of the schooner.

"She isn't there, Captain!" parenthesized the narrator, following the motion with his head. "So I just fisted hold of her to hand her tenderly into the boat, with a bag of shiners as wos found on board, when, so help me ——; beg parding, Sir, if a dwarfed giant of a nigger didn't take an overhand lick at me with an iron pump brake and nearly cut this 'ere larboard pin in two pieces; and, smash my brains"—he continued, shaking his broad paw aloft with rage—"but what does I do, with all the pain from the clip that da— (beg parding, Sir) give me, I slams away with a pistol-bullet through the nigger's head—"

"Didn't I see a little boy on board the *Centipede?*—perhaps I was mistaken, the sun blazes so fiercely, eh?" broke in Captain Brand, though the sun didn't blaze with a fiercer light than shot out of his deadly cold blue eyes.

"Ho, ay, Sir! That young imp was a bitin' at my tother leg like a bull-terrier pup while the nigger was attackin' me, and then he goes and crawls out of the cabin winders and was fished out of the water by the chaps as was towin' astarn in the boat."

"Oh, really! how very fortunate!" muttered the Captain; "go on! don't stop, I pray you, Master Gibbs."

"Well, Sir, I knows very little what happened arter this, for the young 'oman was a screamin' and our chaps a cursin' about the decks, when all of a sudden I fell off into a faint like, and the same time a heavy gun came slamming into our very ears; and there was that infarnal curvette agen bowlin' down within five cables' length of the brig, her battery all alight and the whistles a callin' away the boats in as violent a haste as any think I can remember," said Gibbs, as he paused to catch his breath.

"You must have kept a sharp look-out, though?" But without heeding this remark the burly scoundrel went on:

"Well, Captain Brand, the boys tumbled me over the side—"

"Not forgetting the little bag of shiners!" sneered his auditor.

"—Tumbled me into the boat, Sir, and then pulled like mad for the schooner. I know'd, d'ye mind, Captain, or, leastways, I felt sartain we could show any think afloat our heels, and so away we scrambles aboard and off we splits. But ye must see by this time, Sir, the corvette had come down and rounded to on the weather-beam of the drogher, acting like a screen for the schooner close under his lee. It wos only a minnit, though, while he wos holding some jaw with those lubbers aboard the brig before he filled away again, and wearing sharp round her bows, he diskivered us sartain. I don't think, as matters stood by this time, that our boat was a boat-hook's length from the schooner when I jist see a burst of red flashes from the man-o'-war's starboard ports, and heerd an officer roar out, 'Give him the whole three divisions of grape!' when I'm ——; your parding ag'in, Sir; I'm blessed if ever I heerd sich a rain of cold iron in all my sea-goin' experience. Ay, Sir, by G—gracious, Sir, if about two bushels of them grape didn't riddle the barge like the nozzle to a watering-pot, and same time tore seven of our noble fellows all to rags—"

"You saved the boat, of course," suggested his companion, in a kind voice, but with a frightful sneer.

"Why, Captain, we unfortinately lost her; for ye see, arter tumbling me aboard the schooner and arter bailing nigh as much blood as water—"

"Capital! excellent! best joke I ever heard," broke in Captain Brand, with a hollow laugh of much enjoyment.

"—Arter bailin' as much blood as water, and findin' the man-o'-war was heaving in stays to slam another broadside into us, we cut the boat adrift and then got the sheets flat aft, the gaff-topsails up, and away we drove with a crackin' breeze right up to wind'ard like a sword-fish. Lord love ye, Sir, we walked away from the cruiser, a eatin' the wind out of him like a knife, and notwithstandin' he hove more nor forty round shot at us, he only knocked away the fore topmast and some other triflin' little damage about the hull and"—he hesitated—"Lascar Joe's head."

"That counts off about half your crew! eh?" said Captain Brand, smiling in his peculiar manner. "Well, what next?"

"Why, Sir, the next mornin' Belize Mike—as is part Doctor you know—said as how my leg was to come off below the knee, and arter givin' me a sip or two o' rum—"

"Bottle," interjected the Captain, twisting the beak of his nose in a puff of smoke.

"—rum, why, smash my brains! Sir, if he didn't hack it off with a wood-saw!"

"Well, what next?"

"Then, Sir, ye see, we run the schooner down Cape Cruz, where we kept werry snug and quiet till sich times as the old one-eyed Diego judged the coast clear to return to head-quarters."

"Well, what then?"

"That's all, Captain Brand!" concluded the narrator his garbled yarn, as he again had recourse to scratching the door-mat on his head, and cast a thirsty look at the brandy-flask.

"That's all! is it?" hissed the man with the iron jaws, in a tone of concentrated passion, as he sprang with a single bound from the settee and clutched Master Gibbs with both hands around his hairy throat, until his face turned livid purple, and his eyes started from the sockets. "That's all! is it, you drunken beast! That's all you have to tell after idling away the summer, losing anchors and boats and more than half my crew, and bringing a hornet's nest down about our ears! That's all! is it? And what would you say now, if I should order the Doctor to cut off your other leg close behind your ears—you beast!"

In the last stages of suffocation the man was hurled on his back to the floor, and there lay, bleeding a torrent from his mouth and nose. His superior stood over him for a moment and put his hand in his trowsers' pocket for a pistol, and then he glanced rapidly at the green rope squirming from the beams above; but changing his purpose apparently, he strode back to the settee and shouted, "Babette!"

Presently the door opened from the passage leading to the kitchen, and there appeared a large, powerfully-made negro-woman, with her arms akimbo and a pair of blood-shot eyes

gleaming from beneath a striped Madras turban wound round her head.

"Babette!" repeated the Captain, resuming his seat and his habitual polite air and voice. "Serve out a barrel of Bordeaux and a beaker of old Antigua rum to the *Centipede's* crew to drink my health; and I say, my beauty! have a pig or two killed, tell the boatswain to haul the seine, and have a good supper for all hands to-night. And Baba"—he went on as if he had just thought of something—"there's my friend Gibbs lying there—I believe he has fallen down in a fit—be very careful of him—a bed in the vault—a little biscuit and water—he may be feverish when he wakes up, you know! And Babette, old girl, if you are in want of kindling wood, you may as well use that timber leg of our friend Gibbs! I don't think he'll want it again. There! doucement, Baba!"

The negress gave a deep grunt of assent, and, seizing the senseless body lying on the floor, she dragged it out of the room. Returning a few moments after, she wiped up the blood with a cloth dipped in hot water, and finally disappeared.

LITERARY.

THE LIFE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, by James W. Sheahan. (Published by Harper & Brothers.) The author of this Life is the editor of the *Chicago Times*, and an intimate personal friend of the distinguished Senator from Illinois. Though the work as completed has not been submitted to Mr. Douglas, yet we know that he furnished the data necessary to its preparation. This is the only Life of Mr. Douglas which has been written with his knowledge and approbation. It narrates the incidents of his early career, his connection with the policy of Illinois, and his subsequent course in respect to the great questions of the day. It also contains the famous essay on "Popular Sovereignty," upon which he is content to rest his reputation as a statesman, and his claim to the highest office in the gift of the American people.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, April 16, in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced his bill providing more effectually for the suppression of the slave-trade. It calls for five fast steamers, adapted to the African service; enlarges the bounty; offers $100 for each kidnapped African delivered to a United States Marshal; makes ownership and preparation of slavers piracy; substitutes for the death penalty imprisonment for life; and requires American vessels sold abroad to return to the United States for a new register. Senator Mason laid before the Senate the cases of John Brown, Jun., and F. B. Sanborn, stating that arrests could not be effected in either instance without further action by the Senate. Remarks were made by Senators Sumner and Mason in relation to the reference of Mr. Sanborn's memorial, after which Senator Brown's resolutions were taken up, and discussed by Senator Latham, of California. A vote upon the resolutions was urged by Senator Brown, but was postponed. After considering briefly the bill amending the Patent Laws, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the abuses attending the appointment of subordinate officers of the House of Representatives was discussed, and referred to the Committee on Accounts. A bill, introduced by Mr. Eliot, prohibiting the transportation of coolies in American vessels, was referred to the Committee on Commerce. The Senate resolution appropriating $50,000 for the entertainment of the Japanese Embassy was concurred in. The consideration of the President's protest and the report of the Judiciary Committee thereupon coming up as the special order, was postponed until May 1. A bill organizing the Census Bill, reported from the Judiciary Committee, was passed. Repeated attempts were made during the session to obtain an adjournment until after the Charleston Convention.

On Tuesday, April 17, in the Senate, a message from the President, relative to the impressment of American citizens in foreign military service, was received. The memorial of Mr. Frank Sanborn was referred to the Committee upon the Judiciary. Senator Hale, calling up his resolution adjourning the Senate from April 19 to May 22, Senator Clingman moved to substitute May 1 as the latter term. The subject was discussed in a desultory way, and various amendments were suggested; but the resolutions were finally tabled by a large majority. Senator Slidell moved a resolution providing for an adjournment of the Senate every three days, from the 19th inst. to May 1. This was laid over. After a brief executive session, Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, reported back the Homestead Bill from the Committee upon Public Lands, with various amendments. Senator Johnson, of Arkansas, explained the alterations. The bill, as now reported, sells land to the heads of families only, at the price of 25 cents an acre, and requires a residence of five years on the land before the title shall be perfected. There were other points of difference of minor importance. An amendment of the House to a Pension Bill excited some discussion; as did also the President's veto of the Edwards relief bill.——In the House the pay of members was cursorily treated, a resolution of Mr. Schwartz, of Pennsylvania, constituting the text. The House then went into Committee on the Deficiency Bill, when Mr. Conkling, of New York, reviewed the positions of the Annual Message upon the question of Slavery in the Territories. The Committee rising, the House rejected Mr. Bonham's resolution providing for an adjournment over the Charleston Convention. The consideration of the Deficiency Bill was then resumed. An appropriation to pay for reports in the *Congressional Globe* led to remarks from several members, adverse to the practice of members revising their speeches. Mr. Branch, of South Carolina, was very severe upon the abuse.

On Wednesday, April 18, in the Senate, a number of Abolition petitions from Massachusetts were, by a strict party vote, laid upon the table. Senator Wilson's resolution of inquiry into the contracts for iron made by the War Department was previously debated by its proposer and Senator Davis, and was finally laid aside. Senator Slidell's resolution, providing for a series of adjournments from to-day until the 1st of May, coming up, after some opposition it was passed by a vote of 26 to 22. The Homestead Bill was then discussed, Senator Gwin's amendment relative to the mineral lands occasioning some remarks of Senator Latham on the land titles of California. Without action the Senate adjourned.——The House commenced its business for the day by passing the Deficiency Bill. The Senate's amendment to the Military Academy Bill, authorizing a regiment of mounted volunteers for the Texan boundary, was subsequently considered in Committee of the Whole; Mr. Stanton opposing and Mr. Curtis advocating the amendment. The debate was participated in by Messrs. Reagan, Hamilton, and Olin, but without action the committee rose. The adjournment resolutions of Mr. Bonham were read for information, but the Republicans objected to a vote.

On Thursday, April 19, in the Senate, the Committee appointed to investigate rumored abuses of the public printing made its report. The House bill in regard to the census was passed. Senator Bayard, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill relative to private property taken for public uses, and prescribing the mode of valuation and compensation. After a debate in which Senators Mason, Wigfall, and Collamer participated, the bill was set aside, and the Homestead bill taken up. Senator Gwin modified his amendment respecting the occupancy of mineral lands, by excluding foreigners who have merely declared their intentions from the advantages of the Act. Senator Lane, of Oregon, and Senator Bragg, of North Carolina, opposed this modification; and it was rejected. Senator Fitch offered an amendment, which was rejected, permitting all soldiers who had been in actual service to locate a quarter section. Senator Crittenden proposed and argued at length for an amendment restricting the benefits of the bill to persons actually resident in the country at the passage of the act. The amendment was opposed by Senator Johnson, of Arkansas, and was unsuccessful. The subject was finally made the order for May 2, when it is understood the vote shall be taken, and the Senate went into Executive session.——The House, in Committee of the Whole, discussed the Senate amendment to the Military Academy bill, whereby some $800,000 are appropriated to raise and equip a regiment of mounted volunteers in Texas. Messrs. Reagan, Pendleton, and M'Rae successively spoke in favor of the regiment, while Messrs. Stevens and Stanton opposed it; the latter proposing an amendment, which failed, authorizing the President to employ the same money to mount any infantry regiment of the regular army, and detail it to the Indian service. Mr. Otero, the delegate from New Mexico, moved for a similar appropriation for his Territory. A vote was at length obtained upon the Senate's amendment, when it was lost, 50 to 69, and the Committee rose. The House then accepted the Senate's amendment by a close vote, and adjourned.

On Friday, April 20, the Senate not being in session, the House devoted its attention mainly to private bills, passing several of them, and among the number that granting a pension of $50 a month each to the widows of Generals Macomb, Smith, and Riley. At the opening of the session Mr. Crawford endeavored to procure an adjournment until Tuesday, but the proposition was opposed by Mr. Houston and others, and was voted down. The Committee on Elections reported in regard to the contested membership for Nebraska, declaring Mr. S. G. Daly, rather than the sitting delegate, Mr. Eastabrook, entitled to a seat. Mr. Burlingame procured the adoption of a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the expediency of raising the Sardinian Mission to first-class grade. The House adjourned to Monday.

MORE CHALLENGES.

At Washington, on April 19, the Hon. Robert J. Walker sent a peremptory challenge to Attorney-General Black, by the hands of Senator Brown, of Mississippi. Mr. Black verbally declined accepting the invitation without explanation. This action of Governor Walker grows out of the testimony of Mr. Schnable, of Pennsylvania, before the Covode Committee.

THE DOINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

We read in the Albany *Journal* of April 18: "The Legislature has adjourned. The session has been a busy one. It is rare that so many important questions come up at once as have this year. We briefly recapitulate the disposition made of the leading measures: The completion of the canal enlargement has been provided for, and the last tax levied for it. The long-desired result is now close at hand.—The Pro Rata Railroad Freight bill was passed by the Assembly, but failed in the Senate.—The Railroad Toll bill falls through by disagreement between the two Houses, which the Conference Committee was not able to adjust.—Six New York city railroad bills were passed. One was signed by the Governor, the others vetoed. But the five vetoed bills were then passed through both Houses by a two-third vote, and have become laws.—The grant of $1,000,000 to the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad was first passed by the Senate, but reduced by the Assembly to £350,000, and the reduction concurred in by the Senate. The Governor vetoed it. The Senate passed it over the veto, but was lost in the Assembly.—The Annual Appropriation bill and Supply bill have both been passed and signed.—The Tax bills have also become laws. The total tax this year will be three mills and three quarters on the dollar, viz.: For schools, three quarters of a mill; completion of the canals, half a mill; interest on the two and a half million loan, quarter of a mill; for support of Government, a mill and one-eighth; interest on canal debt, a mill and one-eighth.—The Capital Punishment Bill, establishing a distinction between two classes of murder, and making one punishable with imprisonment for life, is now a law.—The bill repealing the enactments of 1805 in regard to alienation to deed, commonly called the 'Anti-Rent bill,' also becomes a law.—The bill perfecting the constitutional amendment abolishing the property qualification for colored voters, was passed and approved.—The bill securing to married women their earnings and property in trade was passed and is a law.—The amendments of the Metropolitan Police act were passed and go into effect.—The bill establishing a Department of Public Charities in the City of New York passed last night, and has been signed by the Governor.—The bill providing for the sale of the West Washington Market in New York was passed, vetoed, and then passed by a two-thirds vote in each House over the veto.—The bill to remove the City Hall in New York to Madison Square was passed in both Houses.—The Divorce bill failed to pass either House.—The proposed repeal of the Usury Laws also failed to receive the sanction of either House.—The bill prohibiting bequests by will to Charitable Institutions exceeding a specified amount, in certain cases, was passed and signed.—The bill for the relief of Insolvent Debtors passed both Houses, with a provision that it is not to take effect until April, 1861.—The bill prohibiting railroad stockholders from voting by proxy, and that empowering members of religious and charitable societies to vote by proxy, both failed to pass.—The extension of the Chenango Canal was passed by the Senate, but failed in the Assembly.—The bill providing for the appointment of Canal Appraisers in each of the counties along the line of the canal failed to become a law.—The changes and amendments in the laws relating to State prisons were adopted.—The bill giving the State custody of the unclaimed deposits in the savings' banks failed to pass either house.—The bill to amend the Excise law and the Prohibitory Liquor law, also failed to become laws.—The bill 'to lengthen the canal locks without cost to the State' passed the Senate, but was not acted on in the Assembly.—No new counties are formed. Highland County failed to pass. Canisteo and Coshocton counties were vetoed.—The New York Tax Levy bill, after being amended by striking out the item of $80,000 for the Commissioners of Record, was passed and signed.—The bill to guard against unsafe buildings in New York, and the Brooklyn Park bill, have both become laws.—The bill amending the act defining the powers and duties of the Contracting Board was passed."

ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The United States steamer *Powhatan*, Captain Pearson, bearing the flag of Commodore Tatnall, arrived at San Francisco on 27th of March from Japan, *via* Honolulu. She brings the Japanese embassy, consisting of two principal embassadors, princes of the highest rank among the nobility of the empire, and two associates, who are nobles of nearly equal rank. These four are of the Emperor's Council. They are accompanied by a suite of sixteen officers.

The following is a list of the embassy:

Simme, Prince of Boozen, Mooragaki, Prince of Awadsi, envoys; Ogoori Mata-itsee, chief censor; one vice-governor of the treasury; one vice-governor for foreign affairs; one secretary of the first rank (Serabay Akoo); two inspectors of the first rank; two secretaries of the second rank; two treasury officers; two inspectors of the second rank; two interpreters; two doctors; fifty-three servants.

The *Powhatan* arrived at Honolulu on March 5, and remained there till the 18th. The embassadors were there received with all formal honors. Private hospitalities were extended on every hand, and the King and Queen held court at the palace for the reception of the distinguished foreigners, and welcomed them in appropriate terms. They were also entertained at a grand ball given by the officers of the *Powhatan*, expressing great delight at the gay and novel scene.

THEIR RECEPTION.

They bring $100,000 to defray their personal expenses, although the embassy is invited at the sole expense of the United States. They were given the best quarters on board the *Powhatan* during the voyage, and arrived in good health and highly pleased.

The chief dignitaries are magnificently dressed in embroidered silk robes, each wearing a sword of beautiful workmanship. They have conducted themselves with great dignity and propriety.

The Japanese embassadors visited San Francisco on the 31st ult., and have remained the honored guests of the city ever since. Twenty thousand dollars has been appropriated from the city treasury to provide for them suitable entertainment. All the corporation officers, the members of the Legislature, the Governor, and citizens generally, have paid their respects in person, and on the 2d inst. a grand public reception was given the strangers at the largest hall in the city, where the United States officers, both civil and military, with the foreign consuls and State authorities, participated in the reception ceremonies.

The Japanese carry an immense amount of baggage, including many boxes of presents to the United States Government.

BAPTISM IN EXTREMIS.

Dr. Magoon of the First Baptist Church, Albany, administered baptism last Sabbath to a young girl about 16 years old, who was in the last stages of consumption. She felt that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven her sins, and she could not be content to leave the world till she had acknowledged her Lord before men in the way of his own appointment. After some doubt and hesitation her wishes were complied with, and she was carried to the Baptistery in the arms of several brethren of the Church, having on the white robes which were understood to be her grave-clothes, and was immersed by the pastor. The scene was one of the most touching ever witnessed, and the congregation was bathed in tears. No injury occurred to her from the baptism, and in the afternoon she attended again to join the Church in observing the Lord's Supper.

MARRIAGE OF A SOUTHERN BELLE.

The *Tribune* says: "A beautiful young Southern belle, wearing the appropriate name Queen Rose, was, till Tuesday afternoon, an inmate of a fashionable boarding-school in Philadelphia. A medical student, one of those who did not sacrifice the Quakers for the sake of the Union, and return to his plantation, saw the rose, and at once made her his queen. She accepted his homage, in spite of the heartless common-sense of a guardian who thought of house-rent, the butcher, and many other things, and on Tuesday the twain were made one in the bonds of marriage. The young lady was soon missed; a detective was dispatched by the unromantic guardian to search for her; he found her, but was too late. The guardian then took the youthful wife home, and gave the husband into the care of the law, though what the law can do except return him his wife can not be stated without some acquaintance with the code of Pennsylvania. Age of parties: she, 15 years; he, 22."

TOUCHING SCENE.

On Thursday the Judge of Probate in Cincinnati decided that one Sylvester Gaffney was entitled to the custody of Mary Ann Butler, his step-daughter, seven years of age. Upon his going round to take the custody, the child, who had been sitting in the lap of one of the ladies present, drew back from him in apparent terror, and in an imploring manner, and in tears, called out to the Judge, "Oh, Judge, do not give me to him!" This caused considerable emotion, and Gaffney showing a disposition to assert the right the Court had declared in his behalf, several persons gathered around. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the wine king, in an excited manner, said, "Let the mob interfere!" but the first man who attempted it was instantly taken hold of by the officers present and thrown out of the room. Mrs. Weightman, with whom the child had been living, overcome by the excitement of the entire proceedings, fainted. The little child wept bitterly, and clung to the friends that had adopted it. Many of the ladies wrung their hands. The whole court-room was turned into a scene of confusion; and the Judge, as a matter of discretion under the circumstances, directed Sheriff Kessler to take the child until further orders.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Chesnut of South Carolina, the Vice-Regent of the Mount Vernon Association in that State, is eighty-five years of age. She was one of the young girls who strewed flowers in his path, when, in 1789, Washington was received with public honors at Trenton.

A private letter from Cassius M. Clay, dated the 10th of April, says: "Our troubles with the November Committee are, I trust, ended forever. We are left to the enjoyment of our constitutional rights, and to press on that divine revolution which will forever make them unnecessary."

When Edward Everett was President of Harvard College, Mr. Peter C. Burke, his father-in-law, gave to the College $10,000 for the purpose of erecting a suitable house for the President's use. At Mr. Everett's suggestion, the money was invested; it has now doubled, and the corporation are about building a house on Quincy Street, east of the University grounds.

A correspondent writes from Chinendega, Nicaragua, that the Hon. Beverly Clark, the United States Minister to Guatemala, is dead; and that before he died he was divorced from his wife, and received as a monk into the order of the San Franciscans.

The Washington *Star* says that on Tuesday morning Roger A. Pryor appeared at the office of Justice Donn, and gave bail in the sum of $5000 not to fight a duel within the limits of the District, or give or accept a challenge to fight within the said limits, or to leave the said limits to fight, or to give or accept a challenge to fight. We are informed that Mr. W. H. Thomas is his security. Mr. Pryor was arrested yesterday, but being engaged at the time, and the officer having no fear of a breach of the peace, he was permitted to fix upon 11 o'clock to-day as the time to give the required bond.

The London *Times* has the singular announcement that Mr. Salamanca, the Madrid banker, has become joint contractor of the New York, Erie, Ohio, and Mississippi Railways, connecting the Atlantic with the Great Western.

One of those indecent demonstrations commonly called a "Calithumpian serenade," was attended with a fatal result a few days ago, in Harrisonburg, Virginia. A newly-married couple were insulted with a din of pots, and pans, and bells, beaten and rung by a party of young men. A brother of the bride went out of the house and pursued the serenaders; one of them turned upon him, and shot him dead.

The collection of Mr. Du Chaillu, the African explorer, attracts much notice in Boston, where it is now on exhibition. The number of daily visitors is quite as large as in New York. Professor Agassiz, and other naturalists, pronounce the collection superior, in many important respects, to any in Europe.

Captain Beatie, supposed to be the oldest man in Southwestern Virginia, died recently at the age of 100 years.

Since the death of their father, two children of Mrs. Growden, a widow residing in Ohio, had lived with their grandfather in Cumberland, Maryland. The mother desired them, and went to take them home with her. They were unwilling to go; she then went to a neighboring town, where she prevailed on ten or twelve people to accompany and assist her in taking the children by force. The friends of the latter rallied, and a hard fight ensued, to the bodily harm of many. The police carried off several of the fighters, and the mother rescued one child.

A young girl, the daughter of a lawyer in Toledo, Ohio, being struck with a longing to become an actress, ran away from home and went to Detroit. Applying to as many theatrical managers as she could find, she received the same answer from all—a negative. She then disappeared, and had not been found at latest accounts.

A rather large story is told by an exchange, to the effect that a woman in the County of Santa Barbara, California, has one grape-vine which, in a single year, bore 5000 bunches of grapes, yielding $4000. When a girl, on leaving Monterey for her present home, she picked up a vine-cutting to drive her mule. This cutting she planted on her arrival, and after a lapse of seven years the foregoing is the result.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

WARRANT AGAINST SAYERS AND HEENAN.

AT Hertford, on March 31, a warrant was granted to apprehend Thomas Sayers and John C. Heenan, in order that they might be bound over to keep the peace. It is understood that the warrant would be at once executed, and the parties required to find sureties to a heavy amount, as the magistrates are determined to prevent, if possible, the fight from coming off in Hertfordshire.

FRANCE.

JULLIEN'S DUEL.

M. Lecomte tells the following story of Jullien, when the great leader was giving orchestral concerts in the Jardin Turc at Paris:

"One of his musicians, who had been a fencing-master in a regiment, had a dispute with him, and sent him a challenge. Jullien asked a week to prepare for the duel, and his request was granted. At the end of that time the encounter took place with swords, and he received a furious thrust which ran him right through the body, the hilt of the weapon actually resting upon the wound, and his antagonist having naturally let go his sword, Jullien rushed upon him, and in his turn dealt him a desperate blow; after which, having thus revenged himself, he remained erect, with a sword sticking out of his back! Nobody daring to withdraw it, he himself had the energy to pluck it from the wound. It had made itself a passage which, wonderful to relate, interfered with none of the organs essential to life. A month afterward Jullien had resumed his *bâton* and his primrose gloves, and, pallid and in elegiac attitudes, he once more presided over those concerts to which the fame of his adventure now attracted all Paris."

A TRUTHFUL HUSBAND.

A Belgian journal gives an example of a husband who is ready to do justice to his wife under the most trying circumstances. The wife being accused of poisoning, and on the point of being convicted, begged that the husband's testimony might be admitted in her favor. This request was granted, and the man declared that the best proof of her innocence was the fact that he was alive, "for," said he, "I am sure that if my wife had possessed the least disposition to poison any one, she would have begun with me, whom she has hated cordially for ten years." This evidence was conclusive; the jury laughed, and the woman was acquitted.

ITALY.

SPEECH OF THE KING.

At Turin on April 2, His Majesty entered the hall of the Senate amidst indescribable applause, and delivered the following speech:

"The last time I opened Parliament, amidst the troubles of Italy and the dangers of the State, faith in divine justice encouraged me to augur well of our destinies.

"In a very short time an invasion was repulsed, Lombardy was freed by glorious deeds of heroism, and Central Italy became free by the marvelous virtue of its inhabitants, and thus to-day the representatives of the rights and hopes of the nation are assembled around me.

"For such a benefit we are indebted to a magnanimous ally, to the valor of his and our soldiers, to the assistance of volunteers, and to the persevering concord of the people.

"The gratitude of present and future generations is due to France for the welfare of Italy, and for consolidating the union of the two nations, who have some community in origin, principle, and destinies.

"It was necessary to make some sacrifice, and I have made that which was dearest to my heart. Reserving the vote of the people and the approbation of Parliament, and reserving also, in regard to Switzerland, the guaranty of her international rights, I have concluded a treaty for the reunion of Savoy and the surrounding territory of Nice with France.

"The provinces of Amelia have been arranged as in former times; but with Tuscany, who has her own laws and her own rules, a special temporal provision was necessary.

"For the first period of legislation you will only have to discuss the most urgent measures, and my Ministers will prepare the projects upon which you will have to deliberate for the second period.

"In entering upon the new order of things, and without regarding the old political parties in any other way than remembering the services rendered to the common cause, we call for a noble co-operation, and the expression of every sincere opinion, in order to obtain our principal object—the welfare of the people and the greatness of the country, which is no longer the Italy of the Romans nor that of the Middle Ages. It must no more be left a field open to foreign ambition; but it must, on the contrary, be the Italy of the Italians."

GERMANY.

THE LAST GROAN FROM AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Cabinet has resolved to protest solemnly against the annexation of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena to Piedmont. A note to this effect, dated the 24th, has been directly addressed to the Cabinet of Turin. In this note, Austria first establishes her positive and incontestible right to oppose an act which, in despoiling legitimate Princes of the States guaranteed to them by European treaties, would also destroy the rights of succession and reversion which these same treaties secure to the House of Hapsburg with respect to the said States. Austria then proceeds to demonstrate that Sardinia has participated in the engagements contracted by France, who, in consideration of the treaty of 1735, has guaranteed the possession of Tuscany to the House of Lorraine, in order to indemnify this dynasty for the cession of her ancestral heritage.

* * * * * * *

Such a violation is so much the more flagrant from having been accomplished upon the morrow after the peace of Villafranca and Zurich, of which the essential condition was the restoration of the legitimate Princes.

Induced by all these motives, Austria protests in the most peremptory manner against this most illegal annexation made by the King of Sardinia, and appeals to the conscience of all Europe on the subject.

To this end, at the same time that this protest is forwarded to Turin, a copy will be furnished to all the foreign Cabinets, to whom also a circular note is addressed by Austria, in which it is said "that Austria, in confining herself at the present time to protesting against the said annexation, hopes that Europe will recognize in this proceeding a most convincing proof of her moderation, and of her desire to maintain the peace of the world."

SPAIN.

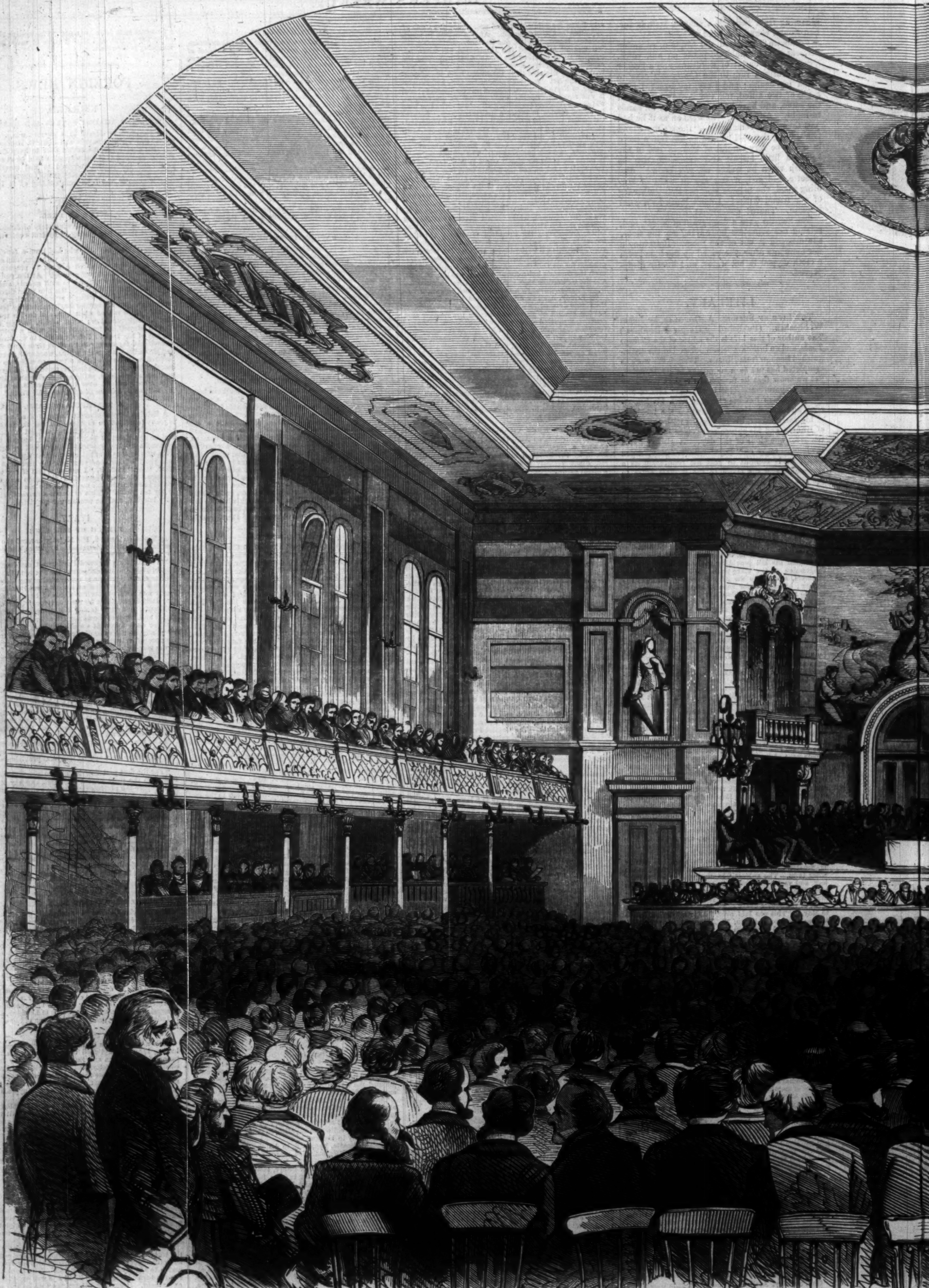
A CARLIST MOVEMENT.

From Spain we learn that a movement in favor of Don Carlos had been inaugurated by General Ortega, at the head of 3000 men. His troops had not been attacked by Government forces. General discontent prevailed in Spain among all classes, in regard to the Moorish treaty. It was understood that the O'Donnell Cabinet would be obliged to resign immediately.

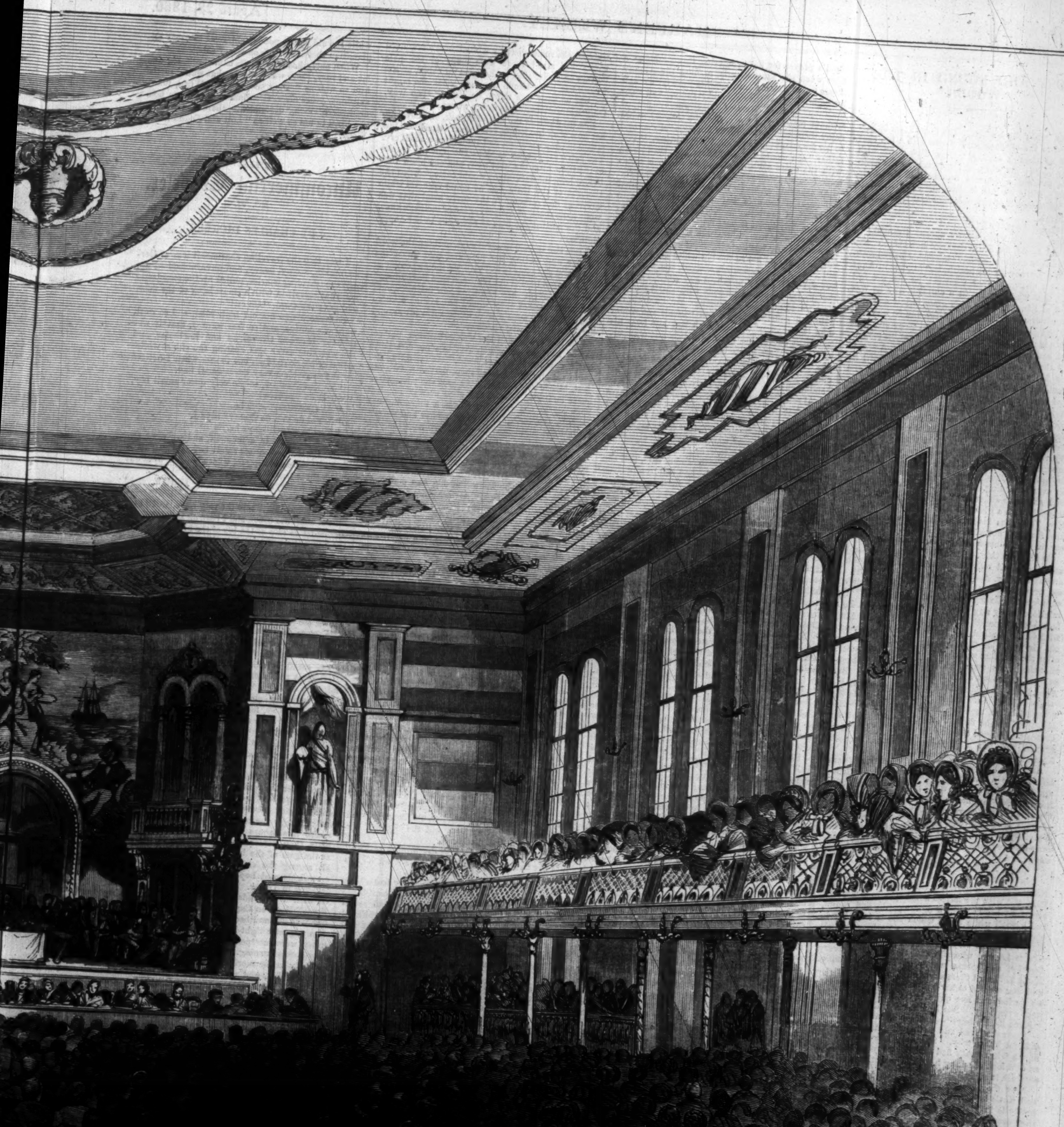
A late telegram from Madrid, on April 4, says: "When the troops found that General Ortega had deceived them as to the object of the recent movement, they refused to march to his cry of 'Vive la Reina.' The General, seeing the turn of affairs, took flight and was pursued by his own troops. Hopes are entertained that he will be captured. The troops he misled have made their submission to the Queen.

"Tranquillity reigns in the Balearic Isles.

"Perfect tranquillity also prevails throughout the nation."



THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC NOMINATING CONVENTION IN SESSION AT CHARLES



ON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON APRIL 23, 1860.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

LOST AND FOUND IN THE WOODS.

I.

ALL ready for a start. The farm horse is harnessed to the old-fashioned chaise with a top that looks as though saying, "How d'ye do?" with many bows; the whip, fitting loosely in the socket, is making a graceful angle with the dashboard; while its lash is deluding old Dolly into the belief that it is a troublesome but feeble fly on her back.

"Come, Aunt Ruthy!"

The childish voice echoes almost strangely in the old house, for Katie does not live there. Katie's father and mother have taken her baby brother on a journey for his health, leaving her in Aunt Ruthy's charge. Poor Charlie! he did *not* feel well, that was certain; in a childish way he was tired of life. His big eyes grew bigger and sadder, his arms were thin and pitiful, and he was low-spirited generally. Dr. A—— had come and gone again many times. Charlie had put out his tongue, and had held out his tiny hand for Dr. A—— to feel the little pulse that beat so feebly, until he was fairly tired. Every body stared at him, and wondered what ailed him. Old Nurse Ryan troubled him by putting fingers with a faint odor of rhubarb about them in his mouth, in search of any teeth that were on the eve of coming through; Aunty Smith punched him in the ribs and diaphragm, to see if all was right there; Neighbor Worrifull thought his stockings weren't long enough, and his frocks too low; Mrs. Clearcold thought that Charlie ought to be soused in ice-water every morning. Imagine the poor little thing, with scarce an ounce of vitality, gasping and shivering through a plunge-bath! But worse than all, Mrs. Venomous insinuated that "the child's natural food was not wholesome for him." There was one mad little mother then, I can tell you.

So all these things, instead of doing "the baby" any good, had only made him more miserable; and at last Dr. A——, not knowing what else to do, prescribed a change of air. Charlie didn't care whether he went to Havana or Halifax. He intended to cry any way. So the stage, two days before the date of our opening, had taken him, with father, mother, and nurse, to see what mountain air would do for him—leaving Katie looking after the receding vehicle with eyes so full of tears that the horses, stage, and sundry trees and bushes were all mixed up in her field of vision. But Aunt Ruth—the fairest and brightest of old maids—was at hand to cheer her; and after shutting the deserted house, took her home with her to "The Meadow," as the farm was called, where Colonel Prescott had lived these many years. "Going to grandfather's" is a pleasure distinct and apart from other enjoyments, as any child can testify.

And so it happened that Katie was at the farm-house—like a sunbeam glancing here and there, and like a bird waking up the still old house with her childish laughter. Among the innumerable treasures of the garret she had discovered a heap of balls of carpet-rags, cut and wound ready for weaving, and had coaxed Aunt Ruth to make the long-deferred pilgrimage to the weaver's this pleasant June day.

"Come, Aunt Ruthy, hurry up!"

Aunt Ruthy's soft voice answers, "Coming, Kitty!" and she herself appears in the door-way. Pale, but with the softest hazel eyes in the world, abundant brown hair, a figure petite and round, and a small white hand, which she is incasing in big driving-gloves—such is Aunt Ruth. To little Kate she seems very old—oh, ever so old—but to Squire Leeson, who sits and stares at her every Sunday, she seems wondrous fair and young. Katie has heard them say Aunt Ruth was thirty—and that seemed to her half-score of years as a far-off period, and one quite beyond the pale of human sympathy. She had heard whispers, too, of "Aunt Ruth's beau"—handsome Harry Raymond—whom she loved and yet never married. Katie did not know why. She only knew that every night, when aunty had said her prayers, she looked at a lock of sunny hair, and sometimes cried as she laid it away.

Now they are off really. Aunt Ruthy drives, and Katie is busy enough trying to keep the carpet-balls in place; for at every bump in the road they come rolling toward the front of the wagon. Down the long lane they go as fast as Dolly's ideas of rapid traveling will permit; then by the side of the wood, so dark and cool. Presently they come to the forest road, where the tall trees arch overhead, and the sunshine only comes through now and then to hunt up a bit of green moss or a bunch of violets to lie upon. The scared squirrels sit leaning against their brushy tails but a second, and then dart away. Friendly brown birds just hop aside with a "chirrup" as they pass; and in the distance the bark of a watch-dog is heard. Katie wonders why Aunt Ruth is so sad and still to-day. The lines have fallen on Dolly's back, and she seems only to be looking at the wagon-wheel, and counting how many times the cracked spoke in it comes uppermost. She is thinking of the time—six years ago to-day—when she walked in that wood as though it were enchanted ground—when a strong arm was round her, and a handsome, frank face was looking into hers—when the world contained no one whom she held to be so faultless as Harry Raymond. Memories of the time when he boarded at the weaver's on the hill—when the way to Squire Prescott's seemed neither dull nor long, for Ruth was there to welcome or to bid adieu. Then she remembered, too, how a seeming friend had told her he was false and wicked—how she suffered distrust to creep into her heart when a trivial event seemed to confirm the dark stories. Then came the quarrel, beneath the calm starlight, when he angrily bid her good-by forever, and was gone, to be seen no more.

Not a night since then but that among the petitions that ascend from this troubled earth with the mists of every twilight there went up the old maid's prayer for the wandering lover. Many a time when she sat patiently reading the Albany *Argus* to the Colonel her thoughts were far enough away, and "constituents," and "party," and "democracy"—those charmed watchwords—jingled without meaning in her ear. The Colonel would enjoy them vastly though, and occasionally appeal to her for assent to the political propositions. "Yes, father," she would say at random, and then go on with the same old cogitations, in which a handsome face was ever reproachfully looking at her.

Ah these old maids! We pass them by without a thought of the fires that may be slumbering in the heart, of the bitter memories that they carry, of hearts they loved turned false, or forms so dear laid under the sod. Ruth was an old maid, and none knew why but herself. Squire Leeson would fain have placed her in the big white house on the hill; but, "She was much obliged, she was sure; but she didn't wish to accept any one." And so the Squire contented himself with staring at her from the square pew in church. Mr. Forsyth, the pale and gentle widower, had "hoped she would take the place of the angel he had lost over his poor little ones;" but good authority had whispered that he worried the said angel into her grave. She quietly declined becoming angel number two; and he put the black border (very deep one) of his handkerchief to his eyes, sighed, and thought he would ask Mary Stanley next. Young Jack Graves—just half her age—was in the last stages of an undying attachment, which had covered a quire of paper with the love-sick effusions of his muse.

But "Aunt Ruth" went on her way alone—an old maid, and likely to remain such. No news ever came of Harry Raymond to her ears, and she fancied him often with a wife and children in some happy home far away; at least she tried to think it might be so.

II.

"Why, Aunt Ruth, what are you thinking about so long?" and Katie's sunny face peered round to see her face. "Don't look at that wheel any more; it will turn over just so every time." Aunt Ruth started with self-condemnation for her selfishness in leaving Kate to her own thoughts so long; and anxious to atone, she proposed that they should take a short ramble through the wood, leaving old Dolly to rest and fight the flies at her leisure.

No sooner said than done. The child clapped her hands with delight, for visions of laurels and other flowers had peeped through the trees. The horse was left tied to one of the trees, very happy to be allowed to rest, and off started the travelers. Little Kate did not know quiet. She ran here and there, her pink dress glancing through the trees and shrubs like a big blossom. Aunt Ruth looked after with pleasant smiles. She thought how fair and bright she was, how much she was beloved, and how many hearts would bleed if aught of ill should come to her. She remembered how frail she once was, and how her mother had watched her through years of weakness; how her baby sister, like her, had faded, but, unlike her, had died, and slept on the hill where the sunset turned the white roses pink with its light; and then Aunt Ruth thanked God that this bright blossom had grown strong, and fresh, and bright. She looked around at the thick-standing tree-trunks, opening but short vistas before the avenue was closed with others; while the laurel grew strong and like a wall of greenness here and there. Then she thought, "What if one should be lost here?" and half startled and yet laughingly saying to herself, "I am getting nervous," she called, with a quick, hurried utterance, that showed she was indeed strangely discomposed, "Katie! Katie!" No answer. She threw her bonnet back, and lifting the heavy bands of hair from over her ear again called, and listened for a voice to answer back. But only the soft soughing of the summer wind in the tree-tops, the tinkle of the stream where it fell over the rock, and the hum of the fluttering insects fell on her ear. In such moments a whole lifetime seems to flash through the brain. She fancied the dreadful search—the mother's face when they told her "The child is not!"—the father's agony—and the desolation over hearth and home. These forebodings did not last long. Her bright, hopeful spirit rallied; and though her first step forward convinced her that she too was lost, she resolved, as long as her strength would hold out, to leave no nook of the vast lonely wood unexplored. She tried to find the path by which they had come, but could not trace a step—so only rushed on blindly, calling louder still, "Katie! Katie!" Fear urged her footsteps quickly on in the direction in which she saw her last, as she thought, "The child lost, and her mother away; O God, what shall I do?" The last year's leaves fluttered up from her hurried step like frightened things, the bushes tore her vail away as she pushed through, while to her calls on Katie's name there only came the mournful coo of the dove and the chirrup of the cricket. We must leave her searching thus while we return to the little wanderer.

III.

Kate followed the butterfly, as we have seen, quite around the gray rock where Aunt Ruth last saw her down the glen, where the leaves rustled knee-deep at every tread. Almost in her hand, the winged creature flitted on beyond the clump of thick laurels, and thus lured her on until beyond the sound of the voice that was calling her so wildly. She had turned quite in an opposite direction at first, and unconsciously the seeker and the sought were receding from each other at every step. It was not until the fluttering, painted creature had flown quite up into the sunset rays that glanced above the laurels, and then soared up out of the wood altogether, that Katie knew that she had wandered far. She pushed her curls away impatiently to catch the answer as she called "Aunty! Aunty!" But no voice came back. She ran a few steps in one direction, then returned. She tried to think which way she had come thither, but alas! there were no marks by the way. She thought she remembered a white laurel a few steps back; but alas! there were many of the pale flowers on either side. She tried to think, as she wrung her little hands together, what she might do, but no path was there, no clearer open way. Only trees—trees—trees every where.

She sat down at the foot of an oak, and covering her face with her hands, cried most bitterly—a low pitiful moan sometimes, and sometimes a shrill cry. The sun's rays began to shine through the trunks of the trees from the west now, and she knew that before long the dark night would come. Then she thought of the little bed at home with its white covering and pillows, of the curly head that was wont to lie there, of the prayer at her mother's knee, and the good-night kiss as she went to her happy slumbers.

Then she seemed to see them searching the wood for her, and finding her pale and cold under the trees, and she came to feel pity for the lost child, as if it were not herself but some one that she had read about and loved. She wondered how mother would feel, and whether they would put her in a coffin with blue cut muslin and white satin all around her, like little Lilly Shadow.

She had cried until she was exhausted, but resolved to make one more effort in some direction; but a new terror was at hand. As far off as she could see among the trees there moved a dark object, hither and thither. At first she thought of bears and wild beasts, and then almost laughed with joy as she saw that it was a large dog—as large as Gessler. On it came, nearer and nearer. At last she could hear its quick step hastening toward her, and soon it was close enough to see that its tongue was hanging from its mouth covered with foam and blood, and that its eyes were like shining sparks. Her breath came thick and fast with terror, for she knew the dog was mad. In that last moment of agony, as the raging brute came nearer she flung her bonnet to the ground, and, her hands clasped convulsively, she looked to the only friend who could aid her now, Our Father in Heaven. The fiery eyes were on her, the hot breath was on her hand, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard and the maddened brute was rolling in the dust, and Katie was saved. Her childish faith led her to believe that Our Father had answered her prayer instantly. And was she wrong? for surely He it was who led the hunter's step this way to snatch from a horrid doom the golden-haired child.

"Courage, little one!" said a frank, brave voice, and she found herself in the arms of a green hunting-coat, and a pair of deep-blue eyes looking kindly at her and the golden brown hair shining in waves and curls as he fanned her with the broad straw-hat he wore. "Courage, little one! see, he is dead; he can't hurt you any more;" and he pointed to the blood-stain on the grass beside the dog. She shuddered and clung to him, hiding her eyes from the dreadful sight. Among his hunting accoutrements was a cup, which he filled from the stream and bathed her poor tear-stained face, and before long she was composed enough to tell him that her name was Katie, and that "Aunty" and she were going to the weaver's. As she chatted she told how kind that same "Aunty" was to *every body;* how every body loved her, and how she loved every body—"every body but the Squire," she added, with a little laugh.

"And why don't she love the Squire, petite?" said the hunter, as he bent the ashen twig idly in his hand.

"Oh! I don't know. You see aunty had a beau once," she continued, as, childlike, her confidence once given was no half-way affair, "and somebody told her he was a bad man, and she believed it just a little minute, and he found it out and went away, and Aunt Ruth cried."

The ashen branch broke under the pressure of his clenched fingers as he sprung up pale and excited.

"We must find aunty, Katie; she is looking for you. Come this way. I know where the bent oak is. She can not be far from there."

Her tired footsteps could not keep pace with his hurried tread, and catching her upon his shoulder, he strode off, tracing his way through the darkening wood as only a hunter could do.

IV.

We left Aunt Ruth wandering up and down, looking every where for the lost child, until an hour's search revealed the fact that she traveled, as wanderers are so apt to do, almost in a circle, and was near the spot she had left, and yet no traces of her sister's child. The fear, the excitement, and the fatigue began to overcome her strangely, and her feet almost refused to move; so she sat down for a moment beside the old gray rock around whose side Kate had vanished, and prayed for strength to find her. A dim mist came over her eyes, and every thing began to look far-off and faint, when the sharp report of a gun rang through the wood. One shriek as she thought of the possible danger to the child from a careless sportsman, and Ruth Prescott had fainted, her head sunk on her arm flung over the stones, and she lay like one dead.

A crash through the underbrush, a bounding step, and Kate with her preserver, Harry Raymond, stood beside the wan, still face. Katie thought she was dead, but the lover raised the drooping head on his arm, and bid Katie run for some water, rubbing the little white hands he remembered so well. At last the great hazel eyes unclosed, but the one word on either side, "Ruth!" "Harry!" and they knew that they had met to part no more.

What wonder if, amidst the coming shadows of twilight, Aunt Ruth both laughed and cried over the recovered treasures—the lost child and the wandering lover. What wonder if old Dolly, tired of her sojourn among the trees, had whirled about until the prospects of a rag-carpet were exceedingly unpromising, by reason of the balls being scattered here and there and every where? What wonder if handsome Harry Raymond drove them home, while the old chaise nodded approval to every explanation that was made on either side.

When curly-headed Charlie came back, big and fat and rosy, there was no story that would soothe him so well as "'Bout sissy lost." When, many sunshiny years after, Grandma Ruth held an honored place among descendants, there was no tale she liked to tell so well as "Lost and Found in the Wood."

THE
Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. VI.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I GOT into the traveling chariot—it was of German make, roomy, heavy, and unvarnished—I got into the traveling chariot, pulled up the steps after me, shut myself in with a smart bang of the door, and gave the word, "Go on!"

So smooth was the old high road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the way-side a very queer small boy.

"Halloa!" said I, to the very queer small boy, "where do you live?"

"At Chatham," says he.

"What do you do there?" says I.

"I go to school," says he.

I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy said, "This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travelers, and ran away."

"You know something about Falstaff, eh?" said I.

"All about him," said the very queer small boy. "I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!"

"You admire that house?" said I.

"Bless you, Sir," said the very queer small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, 'If you were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.' Though that's impossible!" said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might.

I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy, for that house happens to be my house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true.

Well, I made no halt there, and I soon dropped the very queer small boy and went on. Over the road where the old Romans used to march—over the road where the old Canterbury pilgrims used to go—over the road where the traveling trains of the old imperious priests and princes used to jingle on horseback between the Continent and this Island through the mud and water—over the road where Shakspeare hummed to himself, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," as he sat in the saddle at the gate of the inn-yard, noticing the carriers; all among the cherry orchards, apple orchards, corn-fields, and hop-gardens; so went I, by Canterbury to Dover. There the sea was tumbling in, with deep sounds, after dark, and the revolving French light on Cape Grinez was seen regularly bursting out and becoming obscured, as if the head of a gigantic light-keeper, in an anxious state of mind, were interposed every half minute, to look how it was burning.

Early in the morning I was on the deck of the steam-packet, and we were aiming at the bar in the usual intolerable manner, and the bar was aiming at us in the usual intolerable manner, and the bar got by far the best of it, and we got by far the worst—all in the usual intolerable manner.

But when I was clear of the Custom-house on the other side, and when I began to make the dust fly on the thirsty French roads, and when the twigsome trees by the way-side (which, I suppose, never will grow leafy, for they never did) guarded here and there a dusty soldier, or field laborer, baking on a heap of broken stones, sound asleep in a fiction of shade, I began to recover my traveling spirits.

Welcome the old French hill, with the old French lunatic (not in the most distant degree related to Sterne's Maria) living in a thatched dog-kennel half-way up, and flying out with his crutch and his big head and extended night-cap, to be beforehand with the old men and women exhibiting crippled children, and with the children exhibiting old men and women, ugly and blind, who always seemed, by resurrectionary process, to be recalled out of the elements for the sudden peopling of the solitude!

"It is well," said I, scattering among them what small coin I had. "Here comes Louis; and I am quite roused from my nap."

We journeyed on again, and I welcomed every new assurance that France stood where I had left it. There were the posting-houses, with their archways, dirty stable-yards, and clean postmasters' wives, bright women of business, looking on at the putting-to of the horses; there were the postillions counting what money they got, into their hats, and never making enough of it; there were the standard population of gray horses of Flanders descent, invariably biting one another when they got a chance; there were the fleecy sheep-skins, looped on over their uniforms by the postillions, like bibbed aprons, when it blew and rained; there were their jack-boots, and their cracking whips; there were the cathedrals that I got out to see, as under some cruel bondage, in nowise desiring to see them; there were the little towns that appeared to have no reason for being towns, since most of

their houses were to let, and nobody could be induced to look at them, except the people who couldn't let them, and had nothing else to do but look at them all day. I lay a night upon the road and enjoyed delectable cookery of potatoes, and some other sensible things, adoption of which at home would inevitably be shown to be fraught with ruin, somehow or other, to that rickety national blessing, the British farmer; and at last I was rattled, like a single pill in a box, over leagues of stones, until—madly cracking, plunging, and flourishing two gray tails about—I made my triumphal entry into Paris.

Whenever I am at Paris I am dragged by invisible force into the Morgue. I never want to go there, but am always pulled there. One Christmas Day, when I would rather have been any where else, I was attracted in to see an old, gray man lying all alone on his cold bed, with a tap of water turned on over his gray hair, and running, drip, drip, drip, down his wretched face until it got to the corner of his mouth, where it took a turn, and made him look sly. One New-Year's morning (by the same token, the sun was shining outside, and there was a mountebank balancing a feather on his nose within a yard of the gate), I was pulled in again, to look at a flaxen-haired boy of eighteen with a heart hanging on his breast—"from his mother," was engraven on it—who had come into the net across the river with a bullet-wound in his fair forehead, and his hands cut with a knife, but whence or how was a blank mystery. This time I was forced into the same dread place to see a large, dark man, whose disfigurement by water was in a frightful manner comic, and whose expression was that of a prize-fighter who had closed his eyelids under a heavy blow, but was going immediately to open them, shake his head, and "come up smiling." Oh, what this large, dark man cost me in that bright city!

It was very hot weather, and he was none the better for that, and I was much the worse. Indeed, a very neat and pleasant little woman, with the key of her lodging on her forefinger, who had been showing him to her little girl while she and the child ate sweetmeats, observed monsieur looking poorly as we came out together, and asked monsieur, with her wondering little eyebrows prettily raised, if there were any thing the matter? Faintly replying in the negative, monsieur crossed the road to a wine-shop, got some brandy, and resolved to freshen himself with a dip in the great floating bath on the river.

The bath was crowded in the usual airy manner by a male population in striped drawers of various gay colors, who walked up and down arm in arm, drank coffee, smoked cigars, sat at little tables, conversed politely with the damsels who dispensed the towels, and every now and then pitched themselves into the river head foremost, and came out again to repeat this social routine. I made haste to participate in the water part of the entertainments, and was in the full enjoyment of a delightful bath, when all in a moment I was seized by an unreasonable idea that the large dark body was floating straight at me.

I was out of the river, and dressing instantly. In the shock I had taken some water into my mouth, and it turned me sick, for I fancied that the contamination of the creature was in it. I had got back to my cool darkened room in the hotel, and was lying on a sofa there before I began to reason with myself.

Of course I knew perfectly well that the large dark creature was stone dead, and that I should no more come upon him out of the place where I had seen him dead than I should come upon the cathedral of Nôtre Dame in an entirely new situation. What troubled me was the picture of the creature; and that had so curiously and strongly painted itself upon my brain that I could not get rid of it until it was worn out.

I noticed the peculiarities of this possession while it was a real discomfort to me. That very day, at dinner, some morsel on my plate looked like a piece of him, and I was glad to get up and go out. Later in the evening I was walking along the Rue St. Honoré, when I saw a bill at a public room there, announcing small-sword exercise, broad-sword exercise, wrestling, and other such feats. I went in, and, some of the sword play being very skillful, remained. A specimen of our own national sport, The British Boaxe, was announced to be given at the close of the evening. In an evil hour I determined to wait for this Boaxe, as became a Briton. It was a clumsy specimen (executed by two English grooms out of place), but one of the combatants receiving a straight right-hander with the glove between his eyes, did exactly what the large dark creature in the Morgue had seemed going to do—and finished me for that night.

There was a rather sickly smell (not at all an unusual fragrance in Paris) in the little ante-room of my apartment at the hotel. The large dark creature in the Morgue was by no direct experience associated with my sense of smell, because, when I came to the knowledge of him, he lay behind a wall of thick plate-glass, as good as a wall of steel or marble for that matter. Yet the whiff of the room never failed to reproduce him. What was more curious was the capriciousness with which his portrait seemed to light itself up in my mind elsewhere; I might be walking in the Palais Royal lazily enjoying the shop windows, and might be regaling myself with one of the ready-made clothes shops that are set out there. My eyes, wandering over impossible-waisted dressing-gowns and luminous waistcoats, would fall upon the master or the shopman, or even the very dummy at the door, and would suggest to me, "Something like him!"—and instantly I was sickened again.

This would happen at the theatre in the same manner. Often it would happen in the street, when I certainly was not looking for the likeness, and when probably there was no likeness there. It was not because the creature was dead that I was so haunted, because I know that I might have been (and I know it because I have been) equally attended by the image of a living aversion. This lasted about a week. The picture did not fade by degrees, in the sense that it became a whit less forcible and distinct, but in the sense that it obtruded itself less and less frequently. The experience may be worth considering by some who have the care of children. It would be difficult to overstate the intensity and accuracy of an intelligent child's observation. At that impressible time of life it must sometimes produce a fixed impression. If the fixed impression be of an object terrible to the child, it will be (for want of reasoning upon) inseparable from great fear. Force the child at such a time, be Spartan with it, send it into the dark against its will, leave it in a lonely bedroom against its will, and you had better murder it.

On a bright morning I rattled away from Paris in the German chariot, and left the large dark creature behind me for good. I ought to confess, though, that I had been drawn back to the Morgue, after he was put under ground, to look at his clothes, and that I found them frightfully like him—particularly his boots. However, I rattled away for Switzerland, looking forward and not backward, and so we parted company.

I went away in the German chariot at sunrise, and rattled on, day after day, like one in a sweet dream, with so many clear little bells on the harness of the horses that the nursery rhyme about Banbury Cross and the venerable lady who rode in state there, was always in my ears. And now I came into the land of wooden houses, innocent cakes, thin butter soup, and spotless little inn bedrooms with a family likeness to Dairies. And now the Swiss marksmen were forever rifle-shooting at marks across gorges, so exceedingly near my ear that I felt like a new Gesler in a Canton of Tells, and went in highly-deserved danger of my tyrannical life. The prizes at these shootings were watches, smart handkerchiefs, hats, spoons, and (above all) tea-trays; and at these contests I came upon a more than usually accomplished and amiable countryman of my own, who had shot himself deaf in whole years of competition, and had won so many tea-trays that he went about the country with his carriage full of them, like a glorified Cheap-Jack.

In the mountain country into which I had now traveled a yoke of oxen were sometimes hooked on before the post-horses, and I went lumbering up, up, up, through mist and rain, with the roar of falling water for change of music. Of a sudden mist and rain would clear away, and I would come down into picturesque little towns with gleaming spires and odd towers; and would stroll afoot into market-places in steep winding streets, where a hundred women in bodices sold eggs and honey, butter and fruit, and suckled their children as they sat by their clean baskets, and had such enormous goitres (or glandular swellings in the throat) that it became a science to know where the nurse ended and the child began. About this time I deserted my German chariot for the back of a mule (in color and consistency so very like a dusty old hair trunk I once had at school that I half expected to see my initials in brass-headed nails on his backbone), and went up a thousand rugged ways, and looked down at a thousand woods of fir and pine, and would, on the whole, have preferred my mule's keeping a little nearer to the inside, and not usually traveling with a hoof or two over the precipice, though much consoled by explanation that this was to be attributed to his great sagacity, by reason of his carrying broad loads of wood at other times, and not being clear but that I myself belonged to that station of life, and required as much room as they. He brought me safely, in his own wise way, among the passes of the Alps, and here I enjoyed a dozen climates a day; being now (like Don Quixote on the back of the wooden horse) in the region of wind, now in the region of fire, and now in the region of unmelting ice and snow. Here I passed over trembling domes of ice, beneath which the cataract was roaring; and here was received under arches of icicles of unspeakable beauty; and here the sweet air was so bracing and so light that at halting-times I rolled in the snow when I saw my mule do it, thinking that he must know best. At this part of the journey we would come, at mid-day, into half an hour's thaw: when the rough mountain inn would be found on an island of deep mud in a sea of snow, while the baiting strings of mules, and the carts full of casks and bales, which had been in an Arctic condition a mile off, would steam again. By such ways and means I would come to the cluster of chalets where I had to turn out of the track to see the waterfall; and then, uttering a howl like a young giant, on espying a traveler—in other words, something to eat—coming up the steep, the idiot lying on the wood-pile who sunned himself and nursed his goitre, would rouse the woman-guide within the hut, who would stream out hastily, throwing her child over one of her shoulders and her goitre over the other, as she came along. I slept at religious houses, and bleak refuges of many kinds, on this journey, and by the stove at night heard stories of travelers who had perished within call, in wreaths and drifts of snow. One night the stove within, and the cold outside, awakened childish associations long forgotten, and I dreamed I was in Russia—the identical serf out of a picture-book I had, before I could read it for myself—and that I was going to be knouted by a noble personage in a fur cap, boots, and ear-rings, who, I think, must have come out of some melodrama.

—The sky became overcast without any notice; a wind very like the March east wind of England blew across me; and a voice said, "How do you like it? Will it do?"

I had merely shut myself, for half a minute, in a German traveling chariot that stood for sale in the Carriage Department of the London Pantechnicon. I had a commission to buy it for a friend who was going abroad; and the look and manner of the chariot, as I tried the cushions and the springs, brought all these hints of traveling remembrance before me.

"It will do very well," said I, rather sorrowfully, as I got out at the other door and shut the carriage up.

CANADIAN TESTIMONIAL TO GENERAL CODRINGTON.

The subjoined letter will explain the engraving on the following page:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Montreal, *March 20, 1860.*

Inclosed you will find a photograph of the Testimonial about to be presented to "Sir W. W. Codrington, K.C.B., Bart.," Governor of Gibraltar, by the "Jewish Ladies of Canada," for which I hope you will find a corner in your celebrated journal.

It is a copy of the Old Testament, richly bound in blue velvet and mounted in silver, the large star having the word "Lord," in Hebrew characters, worked on it in gold. On the plate is the following inscription:

PRESENTED TO
SIR W. W. CODRINGTON, K.C.B., BART.,
Governor of Gibraltar,
BY THE
JEWISH LADIES OF CANADA,
AS A TOKEN
Of their high appreciation of his generous philanthropy toward their distressed co-religionists from Morocco.
A.M. 5620.

The Bible is placed in a case of bird's-eye maple, decorated with silver and lined with crimson velvet—the whole being of Montreal manufacture.

THE CLAY STATUE AT NEW ORLEANS.

On 12th April, Mr. Joel T. Hart's grand statue of Henry Clay was inaugurated at New Orleans, in presence of one of the largest concourses of people ever assembled in that city. Mr. Hunt was the orator of the day; in opening his oration he thus alluded to the statue, which we engrave on the following page:

"In the year 1852, a number of public-spirited and patriotic citizens, desirous of manifesting their veneration for the character and public services of Henry Clay, formed themselves into a society named the 'Clay Monumental Association of New Orleans.' Their object, as their name indicates, was to erect in this city a suitable monument to the illustrious man whose memory they designed to honor.

"They determined to erect a bronze statue of Mr. Clay, and they fixed upon this spot for its location, with the permission of the city authorities.

"On the 12th of April, 1856, the corner-stone of the pedestal was laid with becoming solemnities. The work of making the statue was intrusted to Mr. Joel T. Hart, of Kentucky. The Association displayed their good judgment in committing this important work to a native sculptor, whose distinguished reputation in the world of Art gave an earnest of its admirable execution; and who, born by the side of the illustrious patriot, and having early learned to contemplate his greatness, would bring to the performance of his grateful task a genius glowing with the enthusiasm of unbounded personal admiration.

"Equally judicious has been the selection of this site for the statue. In the most frequented thoroughfare of our city—in the very heart of the metropolis, overlooking the Mississippi, the great avenue of our internal commerce, and one of the strongest natural bonds of the Union—it stands conspicuous; a noble and permanent ornament of New Orleans, and a fit monument of the gratitude and veneration of a free people."

The statue is about twelve feet high, the pedestal is somewhat taller than it appears in our picture. Mr. Clay is represented in the act of addressing the Senate, the left hand resting on the pedestal, the right gracefully extended.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

MR. FAIRLIE'S NARRATIVE—*Concluded.*

I have mentioned that my usual course hitherto had been to submit to dear Marian, and save noise. But on this occasion the consequences involved in her extremely inconsiderate proposal were of a nature to make me pause. If I opened Limmeridge House as an asylum to Lady Glyde, what security had I against Sir Percival Glyde's following her here, in a state of violent resentment against *me* for harboring his wife? I saw such a perfect labyrinth of troubles involved in this proceeding that I determined to feel my ground, as it were. I wrote, therefore, to dear Marian, to beg (as she had no husband to lay claim to her) that she would come here by herself first and talk the matter over with me. If she could answer my objections to my own perfect satisfaction, then I assured her that I would receive our sweet Laura with the greatest pleasure—but not otherwise. I felt, of course, at the time, that this temporizing on my part would probably end in bringing Marian here in a state of virtuous indignation, banging doors. But then the other course of proceeding might end in bringing Sir Percival here in a state of virtuous indignation, banging doors also; and of the two indignations and bangings I preferred Marian's, because I was used to her. Accordingly I dispatched the letter by return of post. It gained me time, at all events—and, oh dear me! what a point that was to begin with.

When I am totally prostrated (did I mention that I was totally prostrated by Marian's letter?) it always takes me three days to get up again. I was very unreasonable—I expected three days of quiet. Of course I didn't get them.

The third day's post brought me a most impertinent letter from a person with whom I was totally unacquainted. He described himself as the acting partner of our man of business—our dear, pig-headed old Gilmore—and he informed me that he had lately received, by the post, a letter addressed to him in Miss Halcombe's handwriting. On opening the envelope, he had discovered, to his astonishment, that it contained nothing but a blank sheet of note paper. This circumstance appeared to him so suspicious (as suggesting to his restless legal mind that the letter had been tampered with) that he had at once written to Miss Halcombe, and he had received no answer by return of post. In this difficulty, instead of acting like a sensible man and letting things take their course, his next absurd proceeding, on his own showing, was to pester *me*, by writing to inquire if I knew any thing about it. What the deuce should I know about it? Why alarm *me* as well as himself? I wrote back to that effect. It was one of my keenest letters. I have produced nothing with a sharper epistolary edge to it since I tended his dismissal in writing to that extremely troublesome person, Mr. Walter Hartright.

My letter produced its effect. I heard nothing more from the lawyer. This, perhaps, was not altogether surprising. But it was certainly a remarkable circumstance that no second letter reached me from Marian, and that no warning signs appeared of her arrival. Her unexpected absence did me amazing good. It was so very soothing and pleasant to infer (as I did of course) that my married connections had made it up again. Five days of undisturbed tranquillity, of delicious single blessedness, quite restored me. On the sixth day—either the fifteenth or sixteenth of July, as I imagine—I felt strong enough to send for my photographer, and to set him at work again on the presentation copies of my art-treasures, with a view, as I have already mentioned, to the improvement of taste in this barbarous neighborhood. I had just dismissed him to his work-shop, and had just begun coquetting with my coins, when Louis suddenly made his appearance with a card in his hand.

"Another Young Person?" I said. "I won't see her. In my state of health Young Persons disagree with me. Not at home."

"It is a gentleman this time, Sir."

A gentleman of course made a difference. I looked at the card.

Gracious Heaven! my tiresome sister's foreign husband. Count Fosco!

Is it necessary to say what my first impression was when I looked at my visitor's card? Surely not. My sister having married a foreigner, there was but one impression that any man in his senses could possibly feel. Of course the Count had come to borrow money of me.

"Louis," I said, "do you think he would go away if you gave him five shillings?"

Louis looked quite shocked. He surprised me inexpressibly by declaring that my sister's foreign husband was dressed superbly, and looked the picture of prosperity. Under these circumstances, my first impression altered to a certain extent. I now took it for granted that the Count had matrimonial difficulties of his own to contend with, and that he had come, like the rest of the family, to cast them all on my shoulders.

"Did he mention his business?" I asked.

"Count Fosco said he had come here, Sir, because Miss Halcombe was unable to leave Blackwater Park."

Fresh troubles, apparently. Not exactly his own, as I had supposed, but dear Marian's. It made very little difference. Troubles, any way. Oh dear!

"Show him in," I said, resignedly.

The Count's first appearance really startled me. He was such an alarmingly large person, that I quite trembled. I felt certain that he would shake the floor, and knock down my art-treasures. He did neither the one nor the other. He was refreshingly dressed in summer costume; his manner was delightfully self-possessed and quiet—he had a charming smile. My first impression of him was highly favorable. It is not creditable to my penetration—as the sequel will show—to acknowledge this; but I am a naturally candid man, and I *do* acknowledge it, notwithstanding.

"Allow me to present myself, Mr. Fairlie," he said. "I come from Blackwater Park, and I have the honor and the happiness of being Madame Fosco's husband. Let me take my first and last advantage of that circumstance by entreating you not to make a stranger of me. I beg you will not disturb yourself—I beg you will not move."

"You are very good," I replied. "I wish I was strong enough to get up. Charmed to see you at Limmeridge. Please take a chair."

"I am afraid you are suffering to-day," said the Count.

"As usual," I said. "I am nothing but a bundle of nerves dressed up to look like a man."

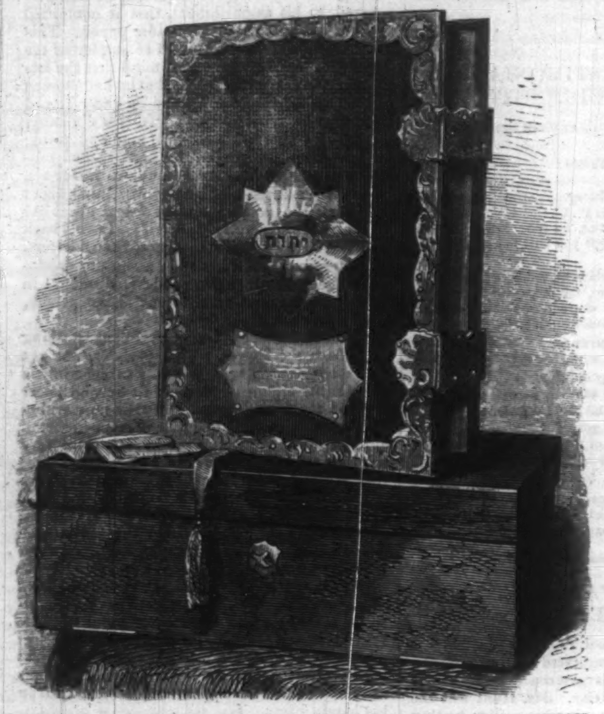
"I have studied many subjects in my time," remarked this sympathetic person. "Among others, the inexhaustible subject of nerves. May I make a suggestion, at once the simplest and the most profound? Will you let me alter the light in your room?"

"Certainly—if you will be so very kind as not to let any of it in on me."

He walked to the window. Such a contrast to dear Marian! so extremely considerate in all his movements!

"Light," he said, in that delightfully confidential tone which is so soothing to an invalid, "is the first essential. Light stimulates, nourishes, preserves. You can no more do without it, Mr. Fairlie, than if you were a flower. Observe. Here, where you sit, I close the shutters to compose you. There, where you do *not* sit, I draw up the blind and let in the invigorating sun. Admit the light into your room, if you can not bear it on yourself. Light, Sir, is the grand decree of Providence. You accept Providence with your own restrictions. Accept Light on the same terms."

I thought this very convincing and attentive.



BIBLE PRESENTED TO SIR W. W. CODRINGTON BY THE JEWISH LADIES OF CANADA.—[See preceding Page.]

He had taken me in—up to that point about the light he had certainly taken me in.

"You see me confused," he said, returning to his place—"on my word of honor, Mr. Fairlie, you see me confused in your presence."

"Shocked to hear it, I am sure. May I inquire why?"

"Sir, can I enter this room (where you sit a sufferer), and see you surrounded by these admirable objects of Art, without discovering that you are a man whose feelings are acutely impressionable, whose sympathies are perpetually alive? Tell me, can I do this?"

If I had been strong enough to sit up in my chair I should of course have bowed. Not being strong enough, I smiled my acknowledgments instead. It did just as well; we both understood one another.

"Pray, follow my train of thought," continued the Count. "I sit here, a man of refined sympathies myself, in the presence of another man of refined sympathies also. I am conscious of a terrible necessity for lacerating those sympathies, by referring to domestic events of a very melancholy kind. What is the inevitable consequence? I have done myself the honor of pointing it out to you already. I sit confused."

Was it at this point that I began to suspect he was going to bore me? I rather think it was.

"Is it absolutely necessary to refer to these unpleasant matters?" I inquired. "In our homely English phrase, Count Fosco, won't they keep?"

The Count, with the most alarming solemnity, sighed and shook his head.

"Must I really hear them?"

He shrugged his shoulders (it was the first foreign thing he had done since he had been in the room), and looked at me in an unpleasantly penetrating manner. My instincts told me that I had better close my eyes. I obeyed my instincts.

"Please, break it gently," I pleaded. "Any body dead?"

"Dead!" cried the Count, with unnecessary foreign fierceness. "Mr. Fairlie! your national composure terrifies me. In the name of Heaven, what have I said or done to make you think me the messenger of death?"

"Pray accept my apologies," I answered. "You have said and done nothing. I make it a rule, in these distressing cases, always to anticipate the worst. It breaks the blow by meeting it half-way, and so on. Inexpressibly relieved, I am sure, to hear that nobody is dead. Any body ill?"

I opened my eyes and looked at him. Was he very yellow when he came in? or had he turned very yellow in the last minute or two? I really can't say; and I can't ask Louis, because he was not in the room at the time.

"Any body ill?" I repeated; observing that my national composure still appeared to affect him.

"That is part of my bad news, Mr. Fairlie. Yes. Somebody is ill."

"Grieved, I am sure. Which of them is it?"

"To my profound sorrow, Miss Halcombe. Perhaps you were in some degree prepared to hear this? Perhaps, when you found that Miss Halcombe did not come here by herself, as you proposed, and did not write a second time, your affectionate anxiety may have made you fear that she was ill?"

I have no doubt my affectionate anxiety had led to that melancholy apprehension, at some time or other; but, at the moment, my wretched memory entirely failed to remind me of the circumstance. However, I said Yes, in justice to myself. I was much shocked. It was so very uncharacteristic of such a robust person as dear Marian to be ill that I could only suppose she had met with an accident. A horse, or a false step on the stairs, or something of that sort.

"Is it serious?" I asked.

"Serious — beyond a doubt," he replied. "Dangerous — I hope and trust not. Miss Halcombe unhappily exposed herself to be wetted through by a heavy rain. The cold that followed was of an aggravated kind; and it has now brought with it the worst consequence — Fever."

When I heard the word Fever, and when I remembered, at the same moment, that the unscrupulous person who was now addressing me had just come from Blackwater Park, I thought I should have fainted on the spot.

"Good God!" I said. "Is it infectious?"

"Not at present," he answered, with detestable composure. "It may turn to infection; but no such deplorable complication had taken place when I left Blackwater Park. I have felt the deepest interest in the case, Mr. Fairlie; I have endeavored to assist the regular medical attendant in watching it — accept my personal assurances of the uninfectious nature of the fever when I last saw it."

Accept his assurances! I never was farther from accepting any thing in my life. I would not have believed him on his oath. He was too yellow to be believed. He looked like a walking-West-Indian-epidemic. He was big enough to carry typhus by the ton, and to dye the very carpet he walked on with scarlet fever. In certain emergencies my mind is remarkably soon made up. I instantly determined to get rid of him.

"You will kindly excuse an invalid," I said; "but long conferences of any kind invariably upset me. May I beg to know exactly what the object is to which I am indebted for the honor of your visit?"

I fervently hoped that this remarkably broad hint would throw him off his balance — confuse him—reduce him to polite apologies—in short, get him out of the room. On the contrary, it only settled him in his chair. He became additionally solemn and dignified and confidential. He held up two of his horrid fingers, and gave me another of his unpleasantly penetrating looks. What was I to do? I was not strong enough to quarrel with him. Conceive my situation, if you please. Is language adequate to describe it? I think not.

"The objects of my visit," he went on, quite irrepressibly, "are numbered on my fingers. They are two. First, I come to bear my testimony, with profound sorrow, to the lamentable disagreements between Sir Percival and Lady Glyde. I am Sir Percival's oldest friend; I am related to Lady Glyde by marriage; I am an eye-witness of all that has happened at Blackwater Park. In those three capacities I speak with authority, with confidence, with honorable regret. Sir! I inform you, as the head of Lady Glyde's family, that Miss Halcombe has exaggerated nothing in the letter that she wrote to your address. I affirm that the remedy which that admirable lady has proposed is the only remedy that will spare you the horrors of public scandal. A temporary separation between husband and wife is the one peaceable solution of this difficulty. Part them for the present; and when all causes of irritation are removed, I, who have now the honor of addressing you—I will undertake to bring Sir Percival to reason. Lady Glyde is innocent, Lady Glyde is injured; but—follow my thought here!—she is, on that very account (I say it with shame), the cause of irritation while she remains under her husband's roof. No other house can receive her with propriety but yours. I invite you to open it!"

Cool. Here was a matrimonial hailstorm pouring in the South of England, and I was invited, by a man with fever in every fold of his coat, to come out from the North of England and take my share of the pelting. I tried to put the point forcibly, just as I have put it here. The Count deliberately lowered one of his horrid fingers, kept the other up, and went on—rode over me, as it were, without even the common coachmanlike attention of crying "Hi!" before he knocked me down.

"Follow my thought once more, if you please," he resumed. "My first object you have heard. My second object in coming to this house is to do what Miss Halcombe's illness has prevented her from doing for myself. My large experience is consulted on all difficult matters at Blackwater Park; and my friendly advice was requested on the interesting subject of your letter to Miss Halcombe. I understood at once—for my sympathies are your sympathies—why you wished to see her here before you pledged yourself to inviting Lady Glyde. You are most right, Sir, in hesitating to receive the wife until you are quite certain that the husband will not exert his authority to reclaim her. I agree to that. I also agree that such delicate explanations as this difficulty involves are not explanations which can be properly disposed of by writing only. My presence here (to my own great inconvenience) is the proof that I speak sincerely. As for the explanations themselves I—Fosco—I who know Sir Percival much better than Miss Halcombe knows him, affirm to you, on my honor and my word, that he will not come near this house, or attempt to communicate with this house, while his wife is living in it. His affairs are embarrassed. Offer him his freedom by means of the absence of Lady Glyde. I promise you he will take his freedom, and go back to the Continent, at the earliest moment when he can get away. Is this clear to you as crystal? Yes, it is. Have you questions to address to me? Be it so; I am here to answer. Ask, Mr. Fairlie—oblige me by asking to your heart's content."

He had said so much already in spite of me, and he looked so dreadfully capable of saying a great deal more, also in spite of me, that I declined his amiable invitation in pure self-defense.

"Many thanks," I replied. "I am sinking fast. In my state of health I must take things for granted. Allow me to do so on this occasion. We quite understand each other. Yes. Much obliged, I am sure, for your kind interference. If I ever get better, and ever have a

STATUE OF HENRY CLAY, AT NEW ORLEANS, INAUGURATED APRIL 12, 1860.—Photographed by J. H. Clark, Esq., of New Orleans.—[See preceding Page.]

second opportunity of improving our acquaintance—"

He got up. I thought he was going. No. More talk; more time for the development of infectious influences—in *my* room, too; remember that, in *my* room!

"One moment yet," he said; "one moment, before I take my leave. I ask permission, at parting, to impress on you an urgent necessity. It is this, Sir! You must not think of waiting till Miss Halcombe recovers before you receive Lady Glyde. Miss Halcombe has the attendance of the doctor, of the housekeeper at Blackwater Park, and of an experienced nurse as well—three persons for whose capacity and devotion I answer with my life. I tell you that. I tell you, also, that the anxiety and alarm of her sister's illness has already affected the health and spirits of Lady Glyde, and has made her totally unfit to be of use in the sick-room. Her position with her husband grows more and more deplorable and dangerous every day. If you leave her any longer at Blackwater Park you do nothing whatever to hasten her sister's recovery, and, at the same time, you risk the public scandal, which you, and I, and all of us, are bound, in the sacred interests of the Family, to avoid. With all my soul I advise you to remove the serious responsibility of delay from your own shoulders by writing to Lady Glyde to come here at once. Do your affectionate, your honorable, your inevitable duty; and, whatever happens in the future, no one can lay the blame on *you*. I speak from my large experience; I offer my friendly advice. Is it accepted—Yes, or No?"

I looked at him—merely looked at him—with my sense of his amazing assurance, and my dawning resolution to ring for Louis, and have him shown out of the room, expressed in every line of my face. It is perfectly incredible, but quite true, that my face did not appear to produce the slightest impression on him. Born without nerves—evidently born without nerves!

"You hesitate?" he said. "Mr. Fairlie! I understand that hesitation. You object—see, Sir, how my sympathies look straight down into your thoughts!—you object that Lady Glyde is not in health and not in spirits to take the long journey from Hampshire to this place by herself. Her own maid is removed from her, as you know; and of other servants fit to travel with her from one end of England to another there are none at Blackwater Park. You object, again, that she can not comfortably stop and rest in London on her way here, because she can not comfortably go alone to a public hotel where she is a total stranger. In one breath I grant both objections—in another breath I remove them. Follow me, if you please, for the last time. It was my intention, when I returned to England with Sir Percival, to settle myself in the neighborhood of London. That purpose has just been happily accomplished. I have taken, for six months, a little furnished house, in the quarter called St. John's Wood. Be so obliging as to keep this fact in your mind, and observe the programme I now propose. Lady Glyde travels to London (a short journey); I myself meet her at the station; I take her to rest and sleep at my house, which is also the house of her aunt; when she is restored, I escort her to the station again; she travels to this place, and her own maid (who is now under your roof) receives her at the carriage door. Here is comfort consulted; here are the interests of propriety consulted; here is your own duty—duty of hospitality, sympathy, protection, to an unhappy lady in need of all three—smoothed and made easy, from the beginning to the end. I cordially invite you, Sir, to second my efforts in the sacred interests of the Family. I seriously advise you to write by my hands, offering the hospitality of your house (and heart), and the hospitality of my house (and heart), to that injured and unfortunate lady whose cause I plead to-day."

He waved his horrid hand at me; he struck his infectious breast; he addressed me oratorically—as if I was laid up in the House of Commons. It was high time to take a desperate course of some sort. It was also high time to send for Louis, and adopt the precaution of fumigating the room.

In this trying emergency an idea occurred to me—an inestimable idea, which, so to speak, killed two intrusive birds with one stone. I determined to get rid of the Count's tiresome eloquence, and of Lady Glyde's tiresome troubles, by complying with this odious foreigner's request, and writing the letter at once. There was not the least danger of the invitation being accepted, for there was not the least chance that Laura would consent to leave Blackwater Park while Marian was lying there ill. How this charmingly convenient obstacle could have escaped the officious penetration of the Count it was impossible to conceive—but it *had* escaped him. My dread that he might yet discover it, if I allowed him any more time to think, stimulated me to such an amazing degree that I struggled into a sitting position; seized—really seized—the writing materials by my side, and produced the letter as rapidly as if I had been a common clerk in an office. "Dearest Laura,—Please come, whenever you like. Break the journey by sleeping in London at your aunt's house. Grieved to hear of dear Marian's illness. Ever affectionately yours." I handed these lines, at arm's-length, to the Count—I sank back into my chair—I said, "Excuse me; I am entirely prostrated; I can do no more. Will you rest and lunch down stairs? Love to all, and sympathy, and so on. *Good*-morning."

He made another speech—the man was absolutely inexhaustible. I closed my eyes; I endeavored to hear as little as possible. In spite of my endeavors I was obliged to hear a great deal. My sister's endless husband congratulated himself, and congratulated me on the result of our interview; he mentioned a great deal more about his sympathies and mine; he deplored my miserable health; he offered to write me a prescription; he impressed on me the necessity of not forgetting what he had said about the importance of light; he accepted my obliging invitation to rest and lunch; he recommended me to expect Lady Glyde in two or three days' time; he begged my permission to look forward to our next meeting, instead of paining himself and paining me by saying farewell; he added a great deal more, which I rejoice to think I did not attend to at the time, and do not remember now. I heard his sympathetic voice traveling away from me by degrees; but, large as he was, I never heard *him*. He had the negative merit of being absolutely noiseless. I don't know when he opened the door, or when he shut it. I ventured to make use of my eyes again, after an interval of silence—and he was gone.

I rang for Louis, and retired to my bathroom. Tepid water, strengthened with aromatic vinegar for myself, and copious fumigation for my study, were the obvious precautions to take; and of course I adopted them. I rejoice to say they proved successful. I enjoyed my customary siesta. I awoke moist and cool. My first inquiries were for the Count. Had we really got rid of him? Yes—he had gone away by the afternoon train. Had he lunched; and, if so, upon what? Entirely upon fruit-tart and cream. What a man! What a digestion!

Am I expected to say any thing more? I believe not. I believe I have reached the limits assigned to me. The shocking circumstances which happened at a later period did not, I am thankful to say, happen in my presence. I do beg and entreat that nobody will be so very unfeeling as to lay any part of the blame of those circumstances on *me*. I did every thing for the best. I am not answerable for a deplorable calamity which it was quite impossible to foresee. I am shattered by it; I have suffered under it as nobody else has suffered. My servant, Louis (who is really attached to me, in his unintelligent way), thinks I shall never get over it. He sees me dictating at this moment, with my handkerchief to my eyes. I wish to mention, in justice to myself, that it was not my fault, and that I am quite exhausted and heart-broken. I can say no more.

THE NARRATIVE OF ELIZA MICHELSON, HOUSEKEEPER AT BLACKWATER PARK.

I AM asked to state plainly what I know of the progress of Miss Halcombe's illness, and of the circumstances under which Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park for London.

The reason given for making this demand on me is, that my testimony is wanted in the interests of truth. As the widow of a clergyman of the Church of England (reduced by misfortune to the necessity of accepting a situation), I have been taught to place the claims of truth above all other considerations. I therefore comply with a request which I might otherwise, through reluctance to connect myself with distressing family affairs, have hesitated to grant.

I made no memorandum at the time, and I can not therefore be sure, to a day, of the date; but I believe I am correct in stating that Miss Halcombe's serious illness began during the first week in July. The breakfast hour was late at Blackwater Park—sometimes as late as ten, never earlier than half past nine. On the morning to which I am now referring, Miss Halcombe (who was usually the first to come down) did not make her appearance at the table. After the family had waited a quarter of an hour, the upper housemaid was sent to see after her, and came running out of the room, dreadfully frightened. I met the servant on the stairs, and went at once to Miss Halcombe to see what was the matter. The poor lady was incapable of telling me. She was walking about her room with a pen in her hand, quite light-headed, in a state of burning fever.

Lady Glyde (being no longer in Sir Percival's service, I may, without impropriety, mention my former mistress by her name, instead of calling her My Lady) was the first to come in from her own bedroom. She was so dreadfully alarmed and distressed that she was quite useless. The Count Fosco and his lady, who came up stairs immediately afterward, were both most serviceable and kind. Her ladyship assisted me to get Miss Halcombe to her bed. His lordship, the Count, remained in the sitting-room, and having sent for my medicine-chest, made a mixture for Miss Halcombe, and a cooling lotion to be applied to her head, so as to lose no time before the doctor came. We applied the lotion, but we could not get her to take the mixture. Sir Percival undertook to send for the doctor. He dispatched a groom on horseback for the nearest medical man, Mr. Dawson, of Oak Lodge.

Mr. Dawson arrived in less than an hour's time. He was a respectable elderly man, well known all round the country; and we were much alarmed when we found that he considered the case to be a very serious one. His lordship, the Count, affably entered into conversation with Mr. Dawson, and gave his opinions with a judicious freedom. Mr. Dawson, not over-courteously, inquired if his lordship's advice was the advice of a doctor; and being informed that it was the advice of one who had studied medicine, unprofessionally, replied that he was not accustomed to consult with amateur physicians. The Count, with truly Christian meekness of temper, smiled, and left the room. Before he went out he told me that he might be found, in case he was wanted in the course of the day, at the boat-house on the banks of the lake. Why he should have gone there I can not say. But he did go; remaining away the whole day till seven o'clock, which was dinner-time. Perhaps he wished to set the example of keeping the house as quiet as possible. It was entirely in his character to do so. He was a most considerate nobleman.

Miss Halcombe passed a very bad night, the fever coming and going, and getting worse toward the morning instead of better. No nurse fit to wait on her being to be found in the neighborhood, her ladyship the Countess and myself undertook the duty, relieving each other. Lady Glyde, most unwisely, insisted on sitting up with us. She was much too nervous and too delicate in health to bear the anxiety of Miss Halcombe's illness calmly. She only did herself harm, without being of the least real assistance. A more gentle and affectionate lady never lived; but she cried and she was frightened—two weaknesses which made her entirely unfit to be present in a sick-room.

Sir Percival and the Count came in the morning to make their inquiries. Sir Percival (from distress, I presume, at his lady's affliction and at Miss Halcombe's illness) appeared much confused and unsettled in his mind. His lordship testified, on the contrary, a becoming composure and interest. He had his straw-hat in one hand and his book in the other; and he mentioned to Sir Percival, in my hearing, that he would go out again and study at the lake. "Let us keep the house quiet," he said. "Let us not smoke in-doors, my friend, now Miss Halcombe is ill. You go your way, and I will go mine. When I study I like to be alone. Good-morning, Mrs. Michelson."

Sir Percival was not civil enough—perhaps I ought in justice to say not composed enough—to take leave of me with the same polite attention. The only person in the house, indeed, who treated me, at that time or at any other, on the footing of a lady in distressed circumstances, was the Count. He had the manners of a true nobleman; he was considerate toward every one. Even the young person (Fanny by name) who attended on Lady Glyde was not beneath his notice. When she was sent away by Sir Percival, his lordship (showing me his sweet little birds at the time) was most kindly anxious to know what had become of her, where she was to go the day she left Blackwater Park, and so on. It is in such little delicate attentions that the advantages of aristocratic birth always show themselves. I make no apology for introducing these particulars; they are brought forward in justice to his lordship, whose character, I have reason to know, is viewed rather harshly in certain quarters. A nobleman who can respect a lady in distressed circumstances, and can take a fatherly interest in the fortunes of an humble servant girl, shows principles and feelings of too high an order to be lightly called in question. I advance no opinions—I offer facts only. My endeavor through life is to judge not, that I be not judged. One of my beloved husband's finest sermons was on that text. I read it constantly—in my own copy of the edition printed by subscription in the first days of my widowhood—and at every fresh perusal I derive an increase of spiritual benefit and edification.

There was no improvement in Miss Halcombe, and the second night was even worse than the first. Mr. Dawson was constant in his attendance. The practical duties of nursing were still divided between the Countess and myself; Lady Glyde persisting in sitting up with us, though we both entreated her to take some rest. "My place is by Marian's bedside," was her only answer. "Whether I am ill or well, nothing will induce me to lose sight of her."

Toward mid-day I went down stairs to attend to some of my regular duties. An hour afterward, on my way back to the sick-room, I saw the Count (who had gone out again early, for the third time) entering the hall, to all appearance in the highest good spirits. Sir Percival at the same moment put his head out of the library door, and addressed his noble friend, with extreme eagerness, in these words:

"Have you found her?"

His lordship's large face became dimpled all over with placid smiles; but he made no reply in words. At the same time Sir Percival turned his head, observed that I was approaching the stairs, and looked at me in the most rudely angry manner possible.

"Come in here and tell me about it," he said, to the Count. "Whenever there are women in a house they're always sure to be going up or down stairs."

"My dear Percival," observed his lordship, kindly, "Mrs. Michelson has duties. Pray recognize her admirable performance of them as sincerely as I do! How is the sufferer, Mrs. Michelson?"

"No better, my lord, I regret to say."

"Sad—most sad!" remarked the Count. "You look fatigued, Mrs. Michelson. It is certainly time you and my wife had some help in nursing. I think I may be the means of offering you that help. Circumstances have happened which will oblige Madame Fosco to travel to London either to-morrow or the day after. She will go away in the morning and return at night; and she will bring back with her, to relieve you, a nurse of excellent conduct and capacity, who is now disengaged. The woman is known to my wife as a person to be trusted. Before she comes here say nothing about her, if you please, to the doctor, because he will look with an evil eye on any nurse of my providing. When she appears in this house she will speak for herself; and Mr. Dawson will be obliged to acknowledge that there is no excuse for not employing her. Lady Glyde will say the same. Pray present my best respects and sympathies to Lady Glyde."

I expressed my grateful acknowledgments for his lordship's kind consideration. Sir Percival cut them short by calling to his noble friend (using, I regret to say, a profane expression) to come into the library, and not keep him waiting there any longer.

I proceeded up stairs. We are poor erring creatures; and however well established a woman's principles may be, she can not always keep on her guard against the temptation to exercise an idle curiosity. I am ashamed to say that an idle curiosity, on this occasion, got the better of *my* principles, and made me unduly inquisitive about the question which Sir Percival had addressed to his noble friend at the library door. Who was the Count expected to find in the course of his studious morning rambles at Blackwater Park? A woman, it was to be presumed, from the terms of Sir Percival's inquiry. I did not suspect the Count of any impropriety—I knew his moral character too well. The only question I asked myself was—Had he found her?

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CONTENTS.

Instinct; My Own Story; The Playmate; The Maroons of Surinam; Circumstance (by the Author of "The Amber Gods" and "Sir Rohan's Ghost"); Urania; Mary Somerville; Roba di Roma; Threnodia; General Miranda's Expedition; The Professor's Story; Nathaniel Hawthorne.

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